

★DICK COLE ★EDISON BELL  
★DAN'L FLANNEL ★THE CADET

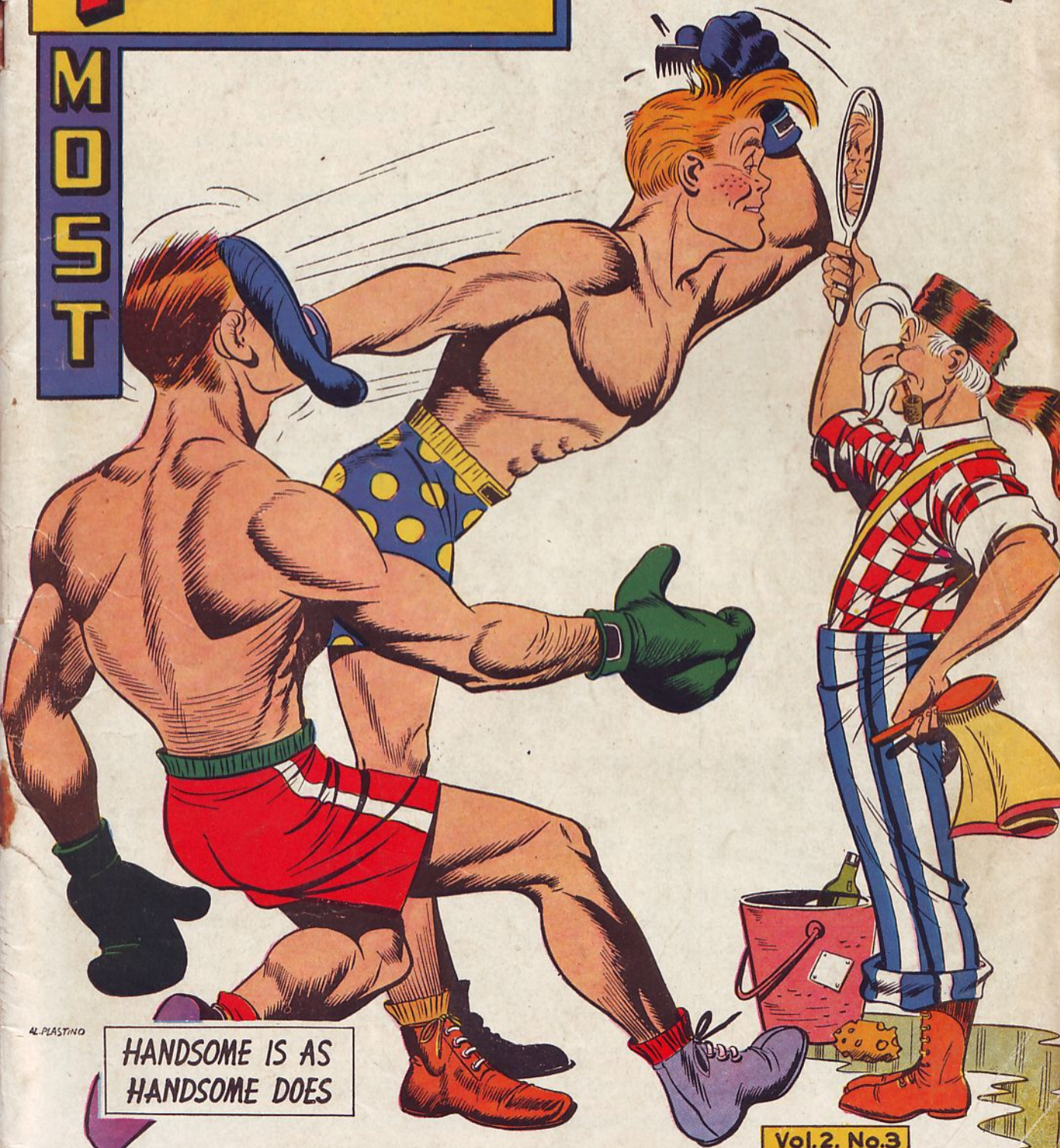
SUMMER

ISSUE

10¢

# 4MOST

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T



HANDSOME IS AS  
HANDSOME DOES

Vol.2. No.3





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

In the last issue of 4MOST COMICS, the Editors asked for some letters of criticism, or otherwise, from some of you. Well, it's been swell, we've been just flooded with letters and comments from thousands of you that hadn't realized that we wanted to hear from you. If this instance is a good judge, we'll continue to "stick our necks out" every time. It is wonderful to get such a whale of a response and keep 'em rolling in. In one of the letters a reader suggested that Dan'l Flannel go to the Big City, and, lo and behold, when you dig into Dan'l's adventure here, you'll find him in the Big City. Bet that is the quickest work you've seen in a long time.

We have selected some of the letters for publication below and those people shall receive their dollar's worth of War Savings Stamps. We'll publish more of them next time, so keep writing in and airing your views to us, and be sure and buy your share of War Stamps, too.

Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS.

Dear Editor:

I have read the "Ye Editor's Page" in Spring 4MOST. I like to read 4MOST very much, and every month I go out to get a copy. In the "Ye Editor's Page" I read that you would send a dollar's worth of War Stamps for every letter that you published.

Well, what I do for the war effort is, I stay after school and help with surgical dressing. Surgical dressing is making bandages for men who get wounded at the front. I also watch children whose mothers go out to war work. I only watch them on Saturdays because of school on week-days. In my school we have a Victory Corp, which means that when you do things for war work, you get marked on that, and at a certain time, you get a pin and hat with insignia on them showing we are inducted in the Victory Corp. I just heard about it a month ago, and I am doing my best to be inducted next time.

Cordially yours,  
Eleanor Adams,  
Newark, New Jersey.

*Sounds like you are doing plenty of war work, Eleanor. That's swell.*

\* \* \*

Gentlemen:

I have read the Spring issue of 4MOST COMICS, and I read the "Ye Editor's Page". Well, the only reason why I have not written is because I have nothing to kick about. There are enough people in this world complaining about nothing at all, so why should I be one of them? However, you're asking for ideas, so here's one. I think there

should be a little comedy, or a few gags with a puzzle. A comedy fits in just right with anything. Then, every once in a while have a puzzle or something, and award prizes in War Stamps for the neatest and correct answers. Well, there's my idea. I hope you like it.

I buy War Stamps every week. I mind my Aunt's children while she works on the night shift at a war plant, because her husband works nights, too. Well, I hope I have another idea for the next issue of 4MOST. Please, if I win a dollar, don't send it in War Stamps. I want it to be donated to the Red Cross down here on the island.

Your reader,  
Vincent J. Snyder,  
West Brighton, S. I.  
New York, New York.

*Thanks for your good suggestion, Vincent. We will be glad to get any more you have to offer.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the Spring issue of 4MOST COMICS. It seems as if every issue is better than the last. I have a good sized pile of 4MOST COMICS, for I have not missed one issue. I like it better since you added "Dan'l Flannel". My favorites are "Dick Cole" and "The Cadet", because I am interested in military schools, but I still like the other two strips. If the 4 comic strips that are in 4MOST now stay, I'll be satisfied.

You said in the editorial of the Spring issue that the reason why the readers of 4MOST have not writ-

ten you is because we're so busy earning money to buy War Stamps and Bonds. This is my reason for not writing. I am not only earning money to buy them, but I am also selling them in a department store here in Buffalo on Saturdays. Since last April 11th I have sold \$6,735.60.

I'll be looking for the Summer issue of 4MOST COMICS. Until then, Keep 'em flying.

Yours truly,  
Don Ely,  
Buffalo, New York.

*You must be a super salesman, Don. Keep up the great work.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I read your letter in the 4MOST magazine. I guess the reason for few letters is because of their earning money. I have some pretty good ideas on how you can earn money, so here you are.

Hi! Kids:

Are you anxious to earn money? Well, why don't you try selling seeds. If you don't care for that, you can be the outside type and shovel snow or weed gardens.

If you are of the weaker sex and don't care for the hard work, you can get a group of girls together and mind children of an evening or afternoon.

Well, go at them and do your best. You have plenty of chances to earn money.

A reader,  
Marie Jones,  
Mountainside, New Jersey.

*Well, Marie, with all those ideas, our readers will have no excuse not to earn money to buy War Stamps.*

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY





ABOARD THE SEABOARD EXPRESS, CAPTAIN WILLIAM P. SAGE IS UNAWARE OF THE SLY GLANCE THROWN HIS WAY BY HIS FELLOW PASSENGER.

GUESS IT'S TIME TO TURN IN.

HE DOESN'T SUSPECT A THING. GOOD!

THE PULLMAN BERTHS ARE MADE UP... AND THE CAPTAIN PREPARES TO TURN IN.

HMM... SOUNDS AS IF MY SILENT COMPANION IS ALREADY FAST ASLEEP!

zzzzzz



THE NIGHT WEARS ON... THEN-

HE'S FAST ASLEEP-  
SPLENDID!

ZZZZZZ

SILENTLY, THE STRANGER DROPS FROM HIS  
BERTH - A KNIFE IN HIS HAND.

THE CORRIDOR'S  
DESERTED...

THE KNIFE FLASHES AND  
BURIES ITSELF DEEP...

AH! SWIFT- SILENT!...  
THAT'S THE WAY IT  
SHOULD BE.

AHRRRR

THE KILLER DRAGS THE BODY  
TO THE DOOR OF THE FAST-  
MOVING TRAIN...

THERE! NOW CAPTAIN SAGE  
WILL BE REBORN.

THE NEXT MORNING...

FARR MILITARY  
ACADEMY... MMM!

AT THIS SAME TIME, ON THE  
FARR CAMPUS...

HEY, DICK,  
WHAT'S THE  
RUSH?

BIG DOINGS! TAKE  
A LOOK AT THE  
BULLETIN BOARD

DOES THAT  
INTEREST  
YOU?

YOU BET! AND A CERTIFICATE  
OF MERIT GOES TO THE OUT-  
STANDING COMPANY. YOU'VE  
GOT COMPETITION, DICK. I  
WANT THAT!

### RANGER MILITARY TRAINING

ALL FARR CLASSMEN  
LED BY THEIR RESPECTIVE  
COMPANY COMMANDERS  
ARE TO GO THROUGH  
**TACTICAL RANGER  
TRAINING.**



THAT'S GOING TO BE **MY** COMPANY—  
YOU HAVEN'T GOT A  
CHANCE, DICK!

HERE COMES OUR  
COMPETITION.  
HELLO, BEAVER!

SO, YOU'VE SEEN  
THE NOTICE, EH?  
WELL, WHAT DO  
YOU THINK?

YOUR COMPANY  
HASN'T GOT A  
CHANCE!

WE'LL  
SEE!

COME, COME,  
GENTLEMEN!

WE'D BETTER GET  
INTO THE  
AUDITORIUM.

THAT BEAVER GUY'S  
BEEN PRETTY COCKY  
SINCE HE BECAME A  
COMPANY COMMANDER!

I'M NOT  
WORRIED ABOUT  
SIMBA. DICK'S THE ONE  
WITH THE BRAINS!

MAJOR FARR EXPLAINS THE NEW TRAINING  
PLAN TO THE BOYS.

SINCE THIS COUNTRY IS AT WAR, THE  
CADETS AT FARR WILL BE ELIGIBLE, UPON  
GRADUATION, FOR OFFICERS' TRAINING  
SCHOOL.

THE MANEUVERS  
YOU WILL EXECUTE  
TOMORROW ARE AN  
ACTUAL PART OF THE  
Q.T.S. COURSE.

AND NOW, I WANT TO PRESENT  
CAPTAIN SAGE, OF THE UNITED  
STATES ARMY. CAPTAIN SAGE  
WILL SUPERVISE THE  
MANEUVERS.

THANK YOU,  
MAJOR FARR.

EACH COMPANY  
COMMANDER WILL  
BE GIVEN AN  
INSTRUCTION AND  
PROGRAM SHEET.  
UNOFFICIALLY, YOU  
CADETS ARE MEMBERS  
OF THE ARMED  
FORCES DURING  
THE EXERCISES.



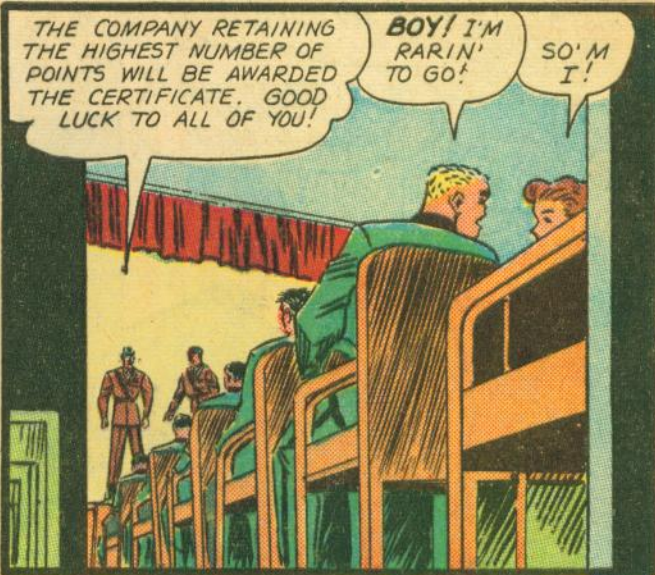
EACH COMPANY WILL BE GRADED BY POINTS, STARTING WITH ONE THOUSAND, AND DEDUCTIONS WILL BE MADE FOR TACTICAL ERRORS!



THE COMPANY RETAINING THE HIGHEST NUMBER OF POINTS WILL BE AWARDED THE CERTIFICATE. GOOD LUCK TO ALL OF YOU!

BOY! I'M RARIN' TO GO!

SO' M I!



LATER... THE STUDENT BODY IS DISMISSED.

TOO BAD WE CAN'T WORK TOGETHER, DICK!

YES. WE'RE BOTH COMPANY COMMANDERS... GIVE ME A GOOD FIGHT, SIMBA!



YOU BET I WILL! WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT BEAVER'S CHANCES?

HAH! ARE YOU WORRIED?



JUST THEN...

NOT A-OOF!

ONE SIDE, KARNO!

?



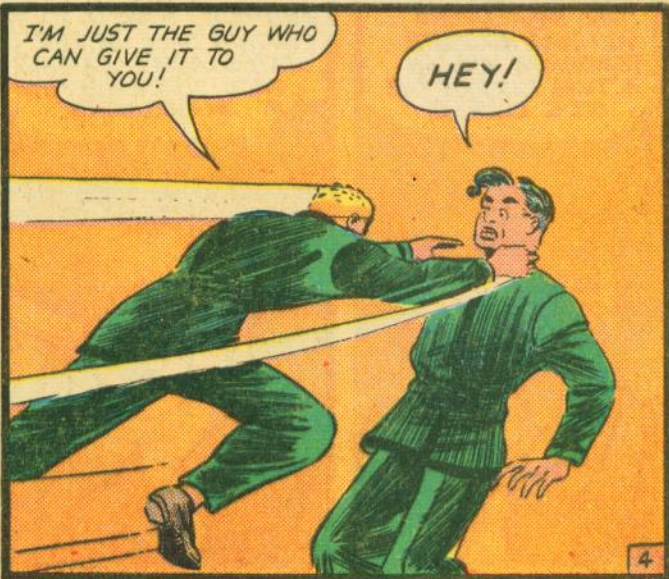
HAH! 'S MATTER? CAN'T YOU STAND UP, KARNO?

IF YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE...



I'M JUST THE GUY WHO CAN GIVE IT TO YOU!

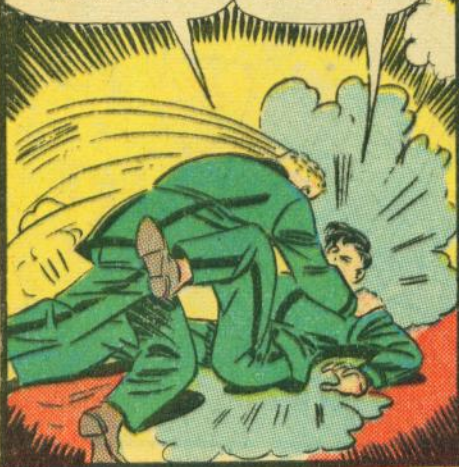
HEY!





YOU OVER-RATED  
PUNK! WHEN  
I GET THROUGH  
WITH YOU...

GET OFF  
ME, YOU  
BIG HULK!



HERE, HERE! AREN'T  
YOU BOTH COMPANY  
COMMANDERS?

OH-OH!  
CAPTAIN SAGE!

NOW,  
YOU'LL  
GET IT!



I'M SORRY, SIR...  
IT WAS MY  
FAULT!

ARMY OFFICERS  
DO **NOT** FIGHT  
AMONG THEM-  
SELVES, KARNO.

YOU-  
BET  
IT WAS!



THOSE TWO  
THINK THEY'RE  
HOT STUFF!

HMM!



YOU KNOW, BEAVER,  
YOU HAVE COURAGE  
AND FORESIGHT. I  
LIKE TO SEE THAT  
IN OFFICER MATERIAL.

THANK  
YOU,  
SIR!



NOW-WHEN I WAS IN O.T.S.,  
I KNEW A FEW GOOD  
TRICKS. THEY HELPED  
ME TO GET MY FIRST  
BARS. SHALL I SHOW  
YOU?

I WISH YOU  
WOULD, SIR!



THAT EVENING

SAY! WHAT RE YOU  
MOONING ABOUT,  
SIMBA?

AW, I WAS JUST  
THINKING ABOUT  
BEAVER



FORGET HIM! WE'VE  
GOT A BIG DAY AHEAD  
OF US. YOU'D BETTER  
GET SOME SLEEP.

YEAH. I GUESS  
YOU'RE RIGHT, DICK.





MEANWHILE, BEAVER EDGERTON HAS OTHER PLANS.

THE CAPTAIN'S A REGULAR GUY, ALL RIGHT!



THAT TRICK HE SHOWED ME ABOUT THE BARBED WIRE IS A LULU!

THE WILY LAD MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE DARKNESS TO THE FIELD.

WON'T SIMBA BE SURPRISED WHEN HE STARTS CRAWLING THROUGH THIS BARRICADE!



THERE! THAT'S DONE! NOW, TO GET BACK TO THE BARRACKS.



AT FIVE THIRTY... THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

TO LOOK AT SIMBA SLEEPING, YOU'D NEVER THINK ANYTHING IMPORTANT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN TODAY!

zzzzzz  
zzzz



A PILLOW WHIZZES OVER AND...

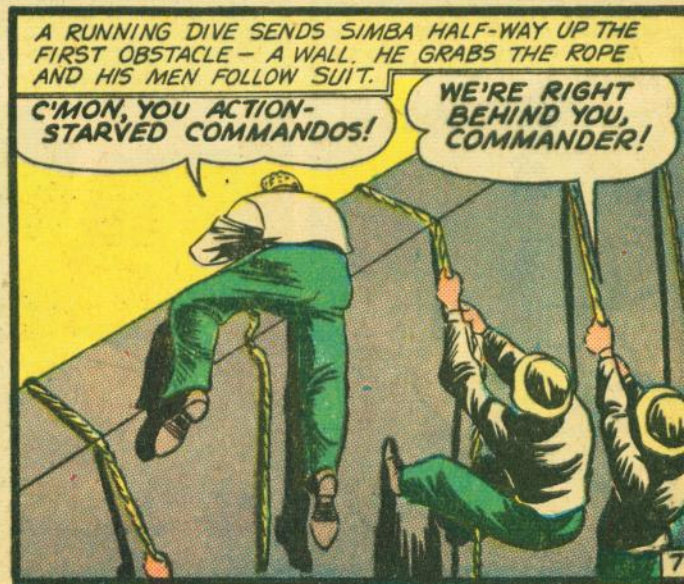
WAKE UP, SLEEPING BEAUTY!

UMPA-  
MMPH-  
HEY!

POW





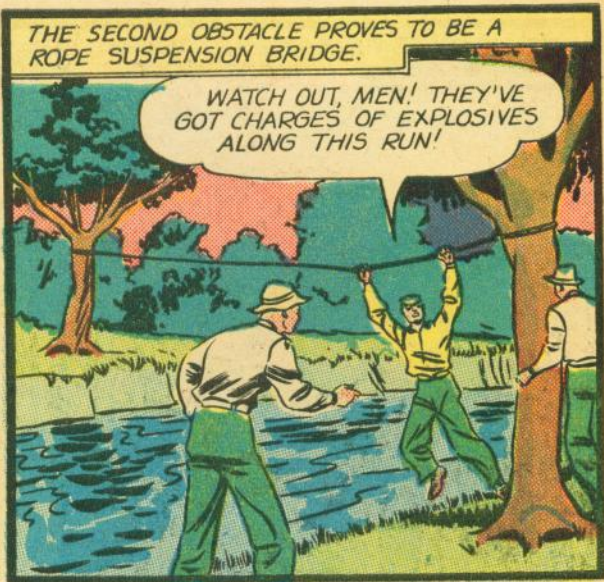






GANGWAY!

WOW! WHAT A PACE!



THE SECOND OBSTACLE PROVES TO BE A ROPE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

WATCH OUT, MEN! THEY'VE GOT CHARGES OF EXPLOSIVES ALONG THIS RUN!



THE ROPE ROCKS BACK AND FORTH AND THE BOYS STRIVE EARNESTLY TO HOLD ON.

JUST A FEW FEET.

HOW FAR WE GOT TO GO?

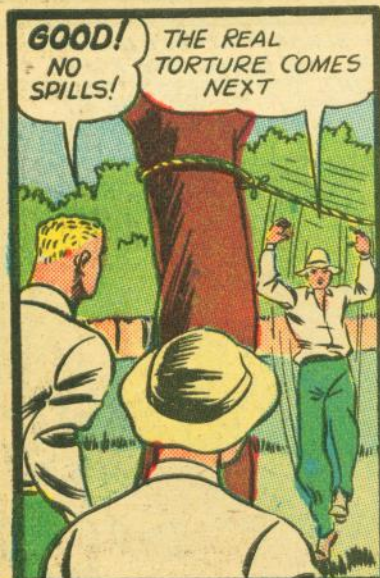


OOPS! THERE GOES THE ARTILLERY!

IT'S A GOOD THING THEY'RE LIGHT CHARGES OR WE'D BE BLASTED APART!

BOOM!

BLAM



GOOD! NO SPILLS!

THE REAL TORTURE COMES NEXT



THE BARBED WIRE SQUARE!

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO CRAWL THROUGH THIS IN THREE MINUTES

WE'LL MAKE IT IN TWO OR BUST!



AS SIMBA'S MEN GO THROUGH THE OBSTACLE, BEAVER STANDS NEARBY.

HAH! THERE GOES THE GLOATING HULK!



WITH INFINITE CAUTION, SIMBA AND HIS COMPANY START CRAWLING THROUGH.

CAREFUL! ONE SLIP-  
AND YOU'LL REGRET  
IT!

WHEW! THOSE BARBS  
LOOK SHARP!



SLYLY, BEAVER PULLS OUT  
A LOOSE PIN IN THE POST.

THEY'RE ALL UNDER! HERE'S  
WHERE SIMBA STARTS  
LOSING!



SUDDENLY, A BLANKET OF PINS AND NEEDLES DESCENDS  
ON THE CADETS!

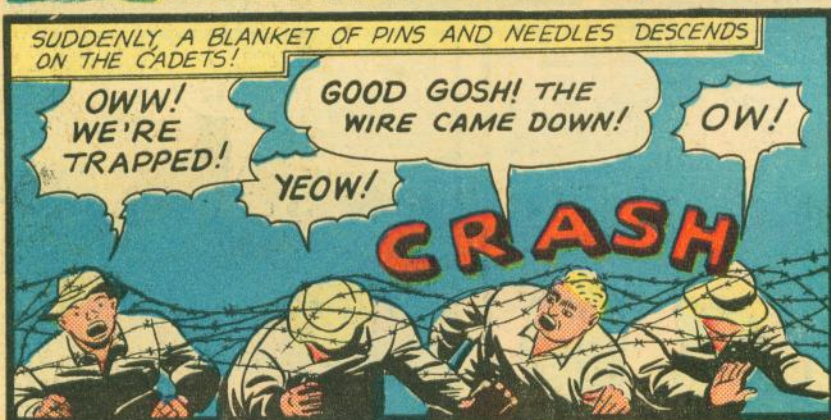
OWW!  
WE'RE  
TRAPPED!

GOOD GOSH! THE  
WIRE CAME DOWN!

OW!

YEOW!

**CRASH**



OWW! I  
CAN'T STAND  
IT! YEOW!

FOR THE  
LUVVA  
PETE,  
DON'T MOVE!



DICK SEES THE "ACCIDENT"

THIS IS AWFUL!  
BRING THE WIRE  
CUTTERS!

WOW! I'D  
HATE TO BE  
UNDER THAT!



DICK AND HIS CREW GO TO  
WORK TO RESCUE THE  
TRAPPED BOYS.

STEADY THERE! WE'LL  
HAVE YOU OUT IN A  
SECOND!



HEY, DICK! COMING! YOU'RE  
NOT CUT AS  
BADLY AS SOME OF  
THOSE OTHER  
FELLOWS ARE!





SIMBA IS FREED.

WHEW! WHAT A NIGHTMARE THAT WAS!

WE'VE GOT THEM ALL OUT. HERE COMES CAPTAIN SAGE!

SORRY, SIMBA, BUT YOU LOSE ONE HUNDRED POINTS FOR TAKING YOUR MEN INTO A DANGEROUS AREA. YOU'D BETTER GET FIRST AID.

BUT-AW-YES, SIR!

SHALL WE HAVE THE WIRE FIXED, SIR?

YES, COLE. THEN YOUR MEN WILL RUN THE BARRICADES. TOO BAD ABOUT KARNO!

AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT, SIR. - WE'LL CARRY ON!

LATER THAT DAY...

HI-YA, DICK! HOW DID IT GO?

ALL RIGHT. BEAVER RATES 970 - I HOLD 990 - AND YOUR 100 DEDUCTION GIVES YOU 900.

FUNNY HOW THAT WIRE CAME DOWN! ALL MY MEN SWEAR THEY NEVER TOUCHED IT.

THE ONLY OTHER MAN NEAR THE WIRE WAS BEAVER.

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?

NOW, WAIT! HE WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT!

THE HECK HE WOULDN'T! COME ON, COLE, M'BOY - WE'RE HAVING A LOOK-SEE AT THOSE WIRES!

JUST TO CONVINCE YOU - ALL RIGHT!



AT THE BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENT...

THIS IS THE POST BEAVER STOOD NEAR.

SAY, - THAT PIN THERE!

SIMBA PULLS THE PIN AND...

HOLY GOSH!

THE WHOLE WORKS FELL!

YEP. AND WATCH! BY PULLING THESE POSTS BACK, THE WHOLE BUSINESS IS IN THE ORIGINAL POSITION!

WELL, I'LL BE--!

OFFICERS COLE AND KARNO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

OH!

CAPTAIN SAGE!

ER- NOTHING, SIR. GOOD NIGHT! COME ON, SIMBA- I'M TIRED.

HEY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DICK? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM WHAT WE FOUND?

THAT WOULD BE TATTLING, SIMBA. BESIDES, WE'LL USE OTHER TACTICS ON BEAVER!

NOT MUCH LATER- IN BEAVER'S ROOM...

COME IN!

KNOCK  
KNOCK



OH-COLE! AND SIMBA!  
IS SOMETHING WRONG?  
YOU LOOK UPSET.

COME WITH US TO THE  
INFIRMARY, BEAVER.  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
WE WANT YOU  
TO SEE!

HUH! YOU  
AREN'T TAKING  
ME ANY PLACE...

LOOK, BEAVER! YOU'RE  
COMING- AND NO  
NONSENSE!

ALL RIGHT!  
ALL RIGHT!

IN THE SICK WARD...

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?  
WHO'S SICK?

QUIET! YOU'LL  
SEE!

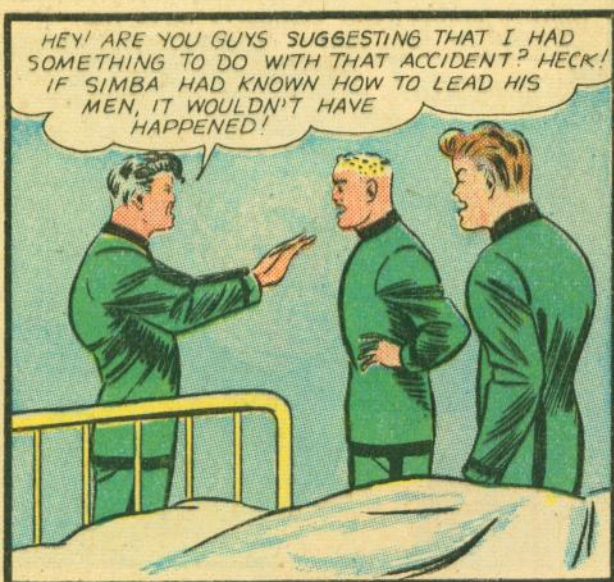
TAKE A GOOD  
LOOK, BEAVER!

HEY! IT'S JOHNSON! WHAT'S  
THE MATTER WITH  
HIM?

IT'S BLOOD POISONING,  
BEAVER - FROM THOSE  
BARBS. CADET JOHNSON  
IS IN A SERIOUS CONDITION!

BEDSIDE CHART







HEY! WHAT'S THIS?



BEAVER EDGERTON'S CURIOSITY GETS THE BETTER OF HIM, AND...

OMIGOSH!



WITHOUT WARNING, CAPTAIN SAGE SAUNTERS INTO THE ROOM...

OH!

OFFICER EDGERTON!  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



I- I WANTED TO SEE YOU ABOUT ONE OF THE BOYS WHO WAS HURT BY THE BARBED WIRE, SIR.

I'LL TAKE THIS!



I contend emphatically that what the Fuehrer has said will come to pass in the near future, and under Nazi domination, the lower classes of the world shall be our slaves for eternity!

THIS PAPER IS AN ORIGINAL NAZI DOCUMENT WHICH I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO STUDY. STUPID, ISN'T IT?

I'LL SAY!  
HE'S LYING—THAT'S HIS HAND-WRITING.



NOW YOU RUN ALONG. THERE'S A HARD DAY AHEAD OF YOU!

YES, SIR.  
GOOD NIGHT, SIR!





AFTER BEAVER LEAVES...

I WONDER HOW MUCH OF THIS HE READ... AND WHAT HE REALLY BELIEVES?



HE MUST BE DESTROYED!



THE NEXT MORNING, ON THE FIELD...

WHAT'S THE PROGRAM TODAY?

BOOBY TRAPS AND MINES. THAT OLD HOUSE IS THE OBJECT.



CAPTAIN SAGE SPEAKS...

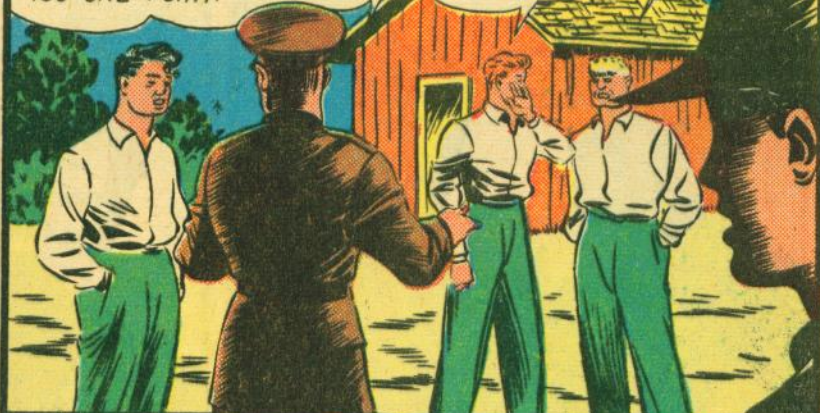
GENTLEMEN, THIS HOUSE HAS JUST BEEN ABANDONED BY THE ENEMY. IN-17, AND UPON THE GROUNDS, ARE DUMMY MINES AND BOOBY TRAPS.



YOU MEN ARE TO INVAD THE PLACE, FIND THE MINES, AND RENDER THEM HARMLESS. EACH ONE YOU MISS EXPLODES A HARMLESS FIRECRACKER AND COSTS YOU ONE POINT.

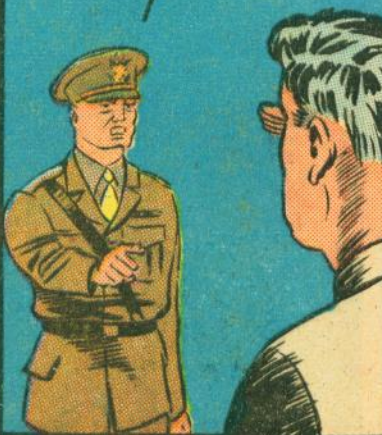
SAY- NOTICE HOW BEAVER STAYS CLOSE TO THE CAPTAIN?

YEAH- "GOLD-BRICKING"!



OFFICER EDGERTON, YOUR COMPANY GOES IN FIRST!

YES, SIR!



BEAVER'S CREW ADVANCES SLOWLY, USING THE MINE DETECTORS.

I'VE FOUND ONE!

HOLD IT! WE'LL DIG IT OUT!





CAREFUL! ONE  
SLIP AND SHE'LL  
GO OFF!

IT'S USELESS,  
THOUGH, ONCE WE  
GET THE DETONATOR!

MEANWHILE, AT THE REAR OF THE HOUSE...

SH-H-H!

WAIT'LL BEAVER HEARS THIS  
GO OFF! HE'LL SWEAR IT'S  
THE **REAL** THING

INTO THE CLOSET—  
QUICK! HERE COMES  
SOME ONE!

SOUNDS LIKE  
BEAVER!

COME ON IN,  
FELLOWS. HERE'S  
OUR NEXT PROBLEM.

**SWELL!**

IT'S BEAVER,  
ALL RIGHT!

LOOK! THERE'S  
A COPY OF  
MEIN KAMPE!

SO IT  
IS!

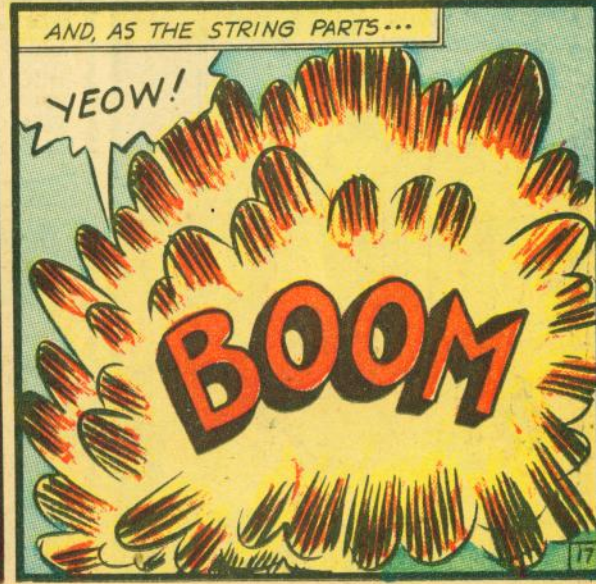
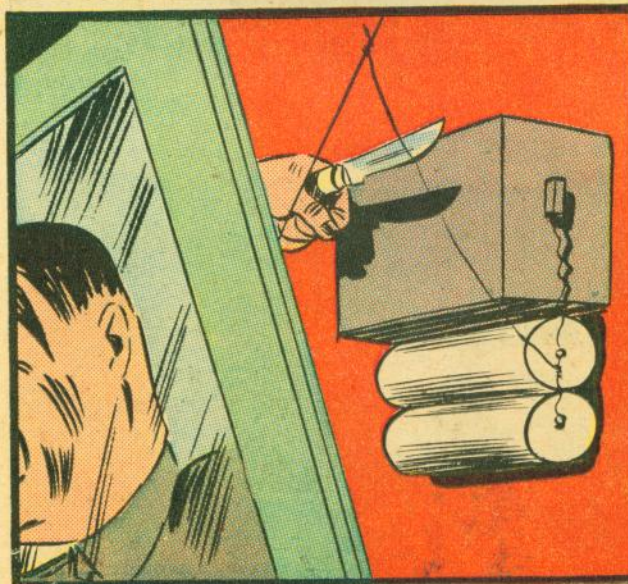
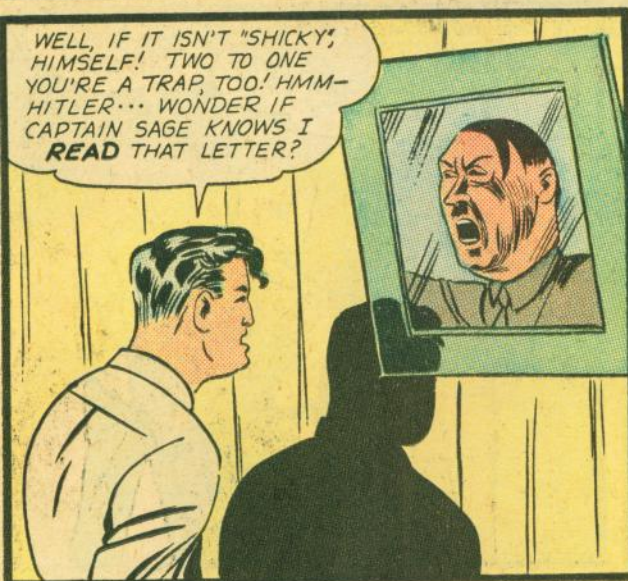
AS THE CADET GOES TO  
PICK UP THE BOOK...

STOP, LUMMON!—  
THAT'S A  
BOOBY TRAP!

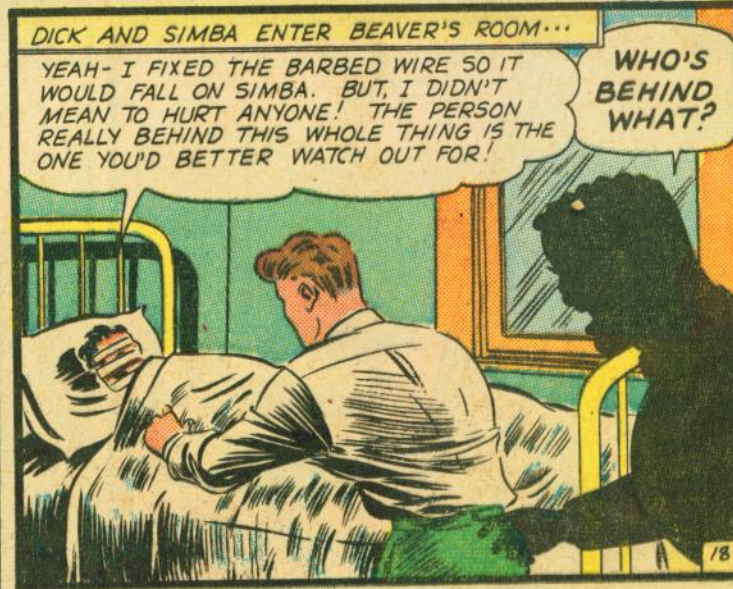
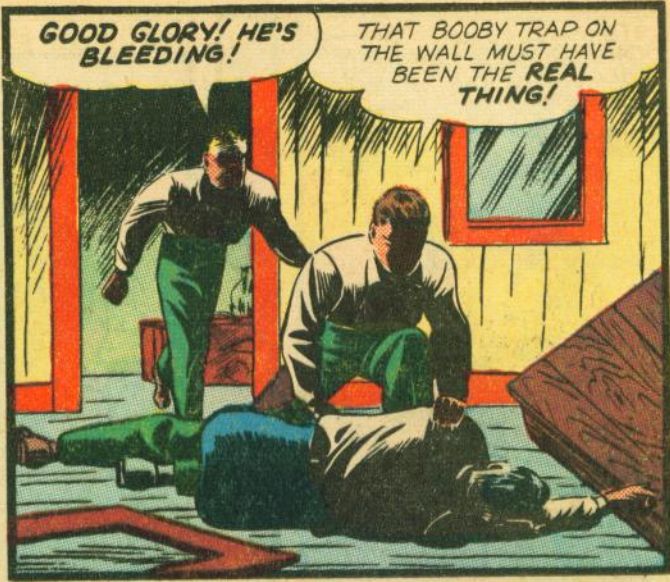
**HUH?**

WATCH! I SLIDE THE BOOK  
SLOWLY ALONG THE  
TABLE... THEN...











IT'S A PLOT TO KILL OFF THE CADETS SO THEY'LL NEVER BECOME OFFICERS... LOOK BEHIND YOU!

HUH?

DICK AND SIMBA SPIN AROUND...

CAPTAIN SAGE!

THE BOY IS LYING!

I THINK YOU WERE SETTING A TRAP FOR SIMBA, WHO WAS TO INVADE THE HOUSE AFTER YOU. I FOUND THIS DYNAMITE AND THESE FUSE CAPS IN YOUR ROOM!

I'M AFRAID THE PROOF POINTS TO YOUR GUILT, BEAVER.

WHAT?

LIES! LIES! I CAN PROVE HE'S A NAZI AGENT! LOOK IN HIS ROOM! PLEASE DON'T BELIEVE HIM!

PERHAPS WE'D BETTER GO. THERE'LL BE AN INVESTIGATION WHEN EDGERTON IS RECOVERED.

NO! NO! IT WILL BE TOO LATE THEN! YOU HAVE GOT TO STOP HIM NOW! WHAT HAPPENED TO ME PROVES IT!

NOW, STOP IT! YOU'LL HURT YOURSELF!

IT'S SO HARD TO BELIEVE ONE OF OUR CADETS WOULD DO A THING LIKE THIS!

INCREDIBLE! BUT, THEN-BEAVER WANTED HIS COMPANY TO WIN!

SAY, SIMBA... DO YOU SUPPOSE BEAVER IS TELLING THE TRUTH?

I DON'T KNOW... THIS THING HAS ME GOING IN CIRCLES!



THAT EVENING...

**SIMBA!** I CAN'T BELIEVE BEAVER WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT, DELIBERATELY.

WHY DON'T YOU GO AND HAVE A CHAT WITH HIM INSTEAD OF PACING THE FLOOR?

A GOOD IDEA SEE YOU ANON!

HEY!

NO MATTER WHAT THEY THINK, I BELIEVE THERE'S SOME TRUTH IN WHAT BEAVER SAYS!

ENTERING BEAVER'S ROOM, DICK FINDS IT **EMPTY!**

**HOLY HALIBUT!** HE'S GONE!... THE WINDOW— IT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE WAS FORCED TO LEAVE THROUGH IT!

PERHAPS CAPTAIN SAGE WILL KNOW THE ANSWER TO THIS.

DICK SPEEDS TO THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.

**GONE, TOO! SAY- THAT SUITCASE!**

**DYNAMITE AND DETONATOR CAPS!**— NOW, WHAT WOULD HE BE CARRYING THESE AROUND FOR— UNLESS...



DICK TURNS AND BOLTS FROM THE ROOM...

I GET IT! THE HOUSE-  
THE BOOBY TRAP  
HOUSE!

... AND DASHES ACROSS THE CAMPUS TO THE  
ABANDONED SHACK.

I'M RIGHT!  
THERE'S A LIGHT  
ON IN  
THERE!

MEANWHILE, SIMBA HAS BEEN  
WATCHING FROM THE WINDOW!

WHERE'S DICK RUNNING TO AT  
THIS TIME OF NIGHT? HE'S  
SURE IN A HURRY!

AND DICK...

GREAT GUNS! HE'S  
GOT BEAVER AND  
HE'S GOING TO  
BLOW HIM  
APART!

THIS DYNAMITE  
WILL FIX YOU  
FOR MEDDLING  
WITH THE PLANS  
OF THE REICH!

OH-COLE!

YES- AND YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO GET AWAY  
WITH THIS!

WITHOUT WARNING, CAPTAIN SAGE  
LASHES OUT...

YOU JUST COULDN'T  
KEEP OUT OF THIS,  
COULD YOU?

HEY!



THEN, IT IS TRUE-WHAT  
BEAVER SAID!  
YOU ARE A  
NAZI!

YES!-  
NOW AND  
FOREVER!

DICK SWINGS...

THAT'S WHAT YOU  
THINK!

SAGE SIDESTEPS AND TRIPS  
DICK!

OOPS!

FOOL!

THE NAZI LIFTS A TABLE HIGH AND BRINGS  
IT CRASHING DOWN.

DON'T TRY GETTING  
UP!

WHY, YOU-

I WARNED  
YOU!

CRASH

AFTER THE EXPLOSION, I'LL CONVINCE  
MAJOR FARR THAT DICK CAUGHT BEAVER  
IN THE ACT OF PLACING THE EXPLOSIVES...  
THEY HAD A FIGHT... THE STUFF  
WENT OFF... SIMPLE!

GOODBYE, BOYS. YOU HAVE  
SERVED MY PURPOSE  
WELL!

SPDTT!



SIMBA'S CURIOSITY HAS GOTTEN THE BETTER OF HIM— AND...

UMPH! HEY— CAPTAIN SAGE!

UGH! GET OUT, YOU DOPE!

CRASH

HOLD ON, CAPTAIN!  
OH— DICK WAS RIGHT!

LET ME GO!

SURE— I'LL LET GO! FIRST, PUT OUT THAT FUSE! THEN I'LL LET GO WITH ALL I HAVE!

HARRUMPH!

SPTTY

YEOW!

BLAM

AS THE CAPTAIN ATTEMPTS TO RUN...

NO, YOU DON'T!

AHHHHH!

SO, THERE!

SOCKO!

NOT MUCH LATER, AT MAJOR FARR'S OFFICE...

COME IN!

KNOCK!  
KNOCK!



PARDON US, SIR, BUT CAPTAIN SAGE HAS SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!

MY WORD! WHAT IS THIS?

DICK AND BEAVER KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS THAN I, SIR!

AFTER TELLING THE MAJOR OF THE CAPTAIN'S ATTEMPT ON THEIR LIVES, DICK PRESENTS FURTHER EVIDENCE

AND THESE PAPERS WERE FOUND IN HIS ROOM—NAZI ARTICLES SAGE WAS GOING TO SEND BACK TO GERMANY!

BUT, HE'S A CAPTAIN IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY!

NO—HE MURDERED THE REAL CAPTAIN AND POSED AS HIM IN ORDER TO SABOTAGE LIKELY OFFICER MATERIAL FOR THE ARMY... SIMBA POUNDED THE INFORMATION OUT OF HIM!

IS THIS TRUE, SAGE?

YES—I DENY NOTHING! IT WAS FOR THE GREATER REICH!

THEN, YOU WILL BE TURNED OVER TO THE F.B.I.—TAKE BEAVER BACK TO THE HOSPITAL, BOYS!

ONE MONTH LATER...

TO EACH OF YOU COMPANY COMMANDERS IS AWARDED A CERTIFICATE OF **MILITARY MERIT**. AND, FOR DOING YOUR DUTY, ABOVE AND BEYOND YOUR NORMAL ACTIVITIES, YOU RECEIVE PERSONAL CERTIFICATES OF VALOR!

WELL, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! **WE ALL WIN!**

I STILL SAY YOU CAN'T HANDLE MEN, BEAVER!

GENTLEMEN! THIS IS ALMOST WAR—FOR US, ANYWAY!

IT'S WAR FOR ALL OF US, DICK COLE! AND WE ARE DOING OUR SHARE BY BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY!

DICK COLE WILL HAVE A NEW AND THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **4-MOST**.



# EDISON BELL

HOW WILL IT WORK, EDDIE?

WE'LL DISTRIBUTE THE CIRCULARS TO ALL THE PEOPLE THEN, IF THEY HAVE ANY CHORES FOR US, THEY CAN CALL THE A.R.W. POST!

EDDIE BELL'S TOWN, LIKE SO MANY OTHERS THESE DAYS, HAS A PROBLEM. THE GROWN-UPS HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL WITH WAR WORK. SO, THE JUNIOR AIR-RAID WARDENS DECIDE TO HELP.

THE MORE HELP WE GIVE THEM, THE MORE TIME THEY'LL HAVE FOR THE RED CROSS AND OTHER AGENCIES. OUR SLOGAN WILL BE **"WE'LL DO THAT CHORE TO WIN THE WAR!"**



## AFTER THE MEETING...

IS EVERYONE READY TO PITCH IN WHEN THOSE CALLS START?

YOU'VE DONE A SWELL JOB, EDDIE—AND IT WON'T COST ANYONE A CENT!

YOU BET!



## BUT---

**BROCK!** LOOK WHAT EDDIE BELL IS UP TO NOW! HE'LL RUIN OUR BUSINESS!

HUH? I'LL FIX HIM!—LET'S SEE.

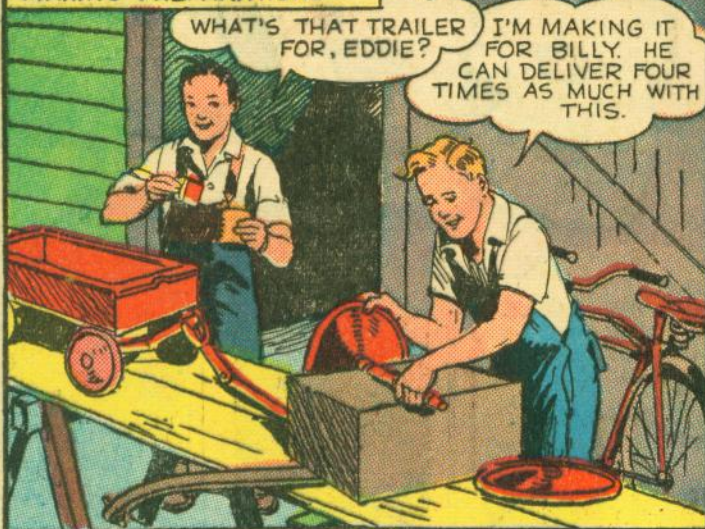




EDDIE AND JERRY SPEND THE NEXT FEW DAYS MAKING PREPARATIONS.

WHAT'S THAT TRAILER FOR, EDDIE?

I'M MAKING IT FOR BILLY. HE CAN DELIVER FOUR TIMES AS MUCH WITH THIS.



GOOD IDEA! HERE'S ANOTHER ELECTRIC IRON TO BE FIXED!

WE CAN SAVE LOTS OF MONEY AND TIME FOR PEOPLE BY REPAIRING STUFF.

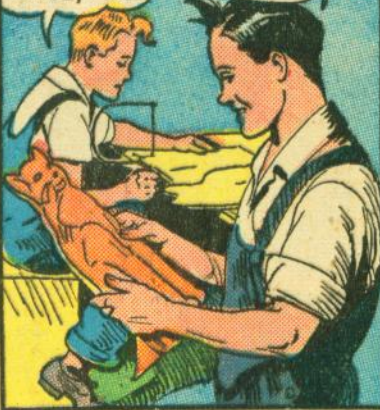


AND, SAY- DID YOU SEE THIS, JERRY? I PUT A LONG HANDLE ON MOM'S DUSTPAN SO SHE WON'T HAVE TO STOOP SO MUCH.



I SURE HOPE THESE DOOR STOPS YOU MADE ME PUT SO MUCH TIME ON WILL HELP TO SAVE SOMETHING

THEY WILL, PAL.



WELL, LET'S FINISH UP. IT'S GETTING LATE AND WE STILL WANT TO CHOP THAT WOOD IN THE GARAGE.

OH, YEAH- I GUESS SO.



## TOOLS ARE WEAPONS... Protect them!

OIL YOUR SAW BLADES REGULARLY!



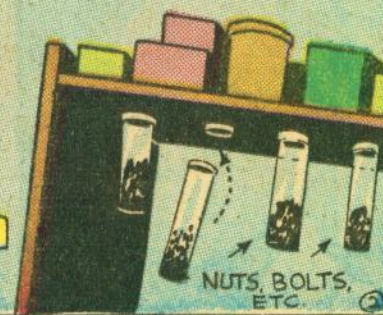
HANG YOUR TOOLS UP TO PREVENT RUST.



OLD CIGAR BOXES MAKE EXCELLENT RECEPTACLES FOR NAILS, SCREWS AND HACK-SAW BLADES.



BELOW IS A REAL SPACE-SAVER/ OLD JARS...THEIR TOPS...NAILED TO THE UNDER-SIDE OF YOUR SELF

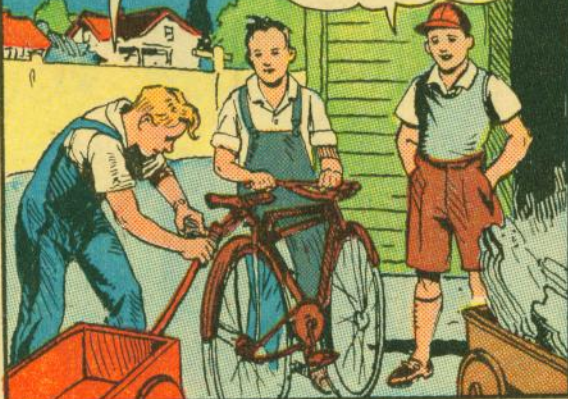




THE NEXT MORNING, EDDIE PASSES OUT HIS NEWLY CREATED GADGETS.

THERE! HOW'S THAT, BILLY?

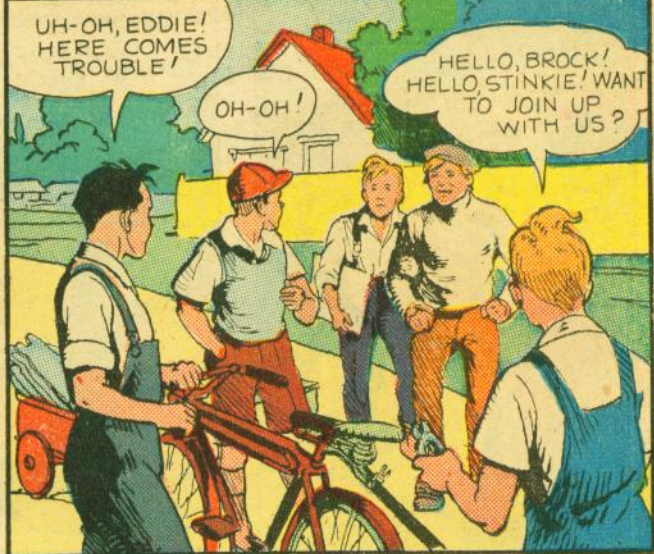
BOY, THAT'S GREAT! YOU FELLOWS SURE DREAM UP SOME FANCY IDEAS!



JH-OH, EDDIE! HERE COMES TROUBLE!

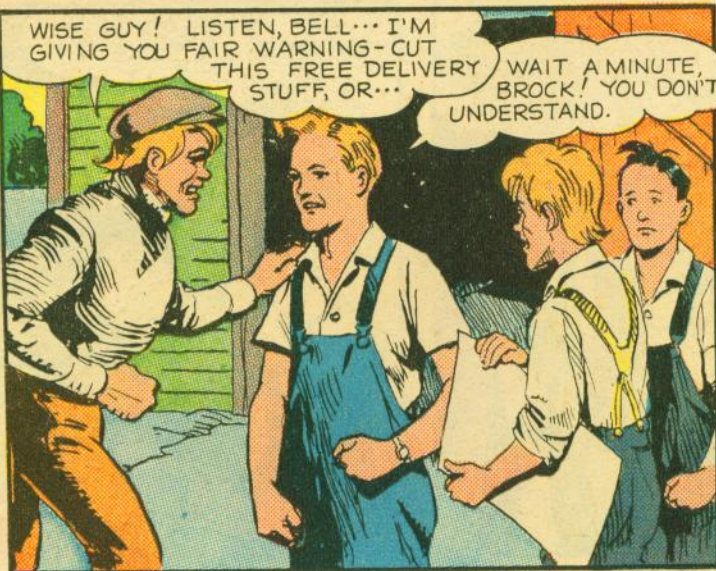
OH-OH!

HELLO, BROCK! HELLO, STINKIE! WANT TO JOIN UP WITH US?



WISE GUY! LISTEN, BELL... I'M GIVING YOU FAIR WARNING- CUT THIS FREE DELIVERY STUFF, OR...

WAIT A MINUTE, BROCK! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.



WE UNDERSTAND ALL RIGHT!... YOU'RE RUINING OUR BUSINESS

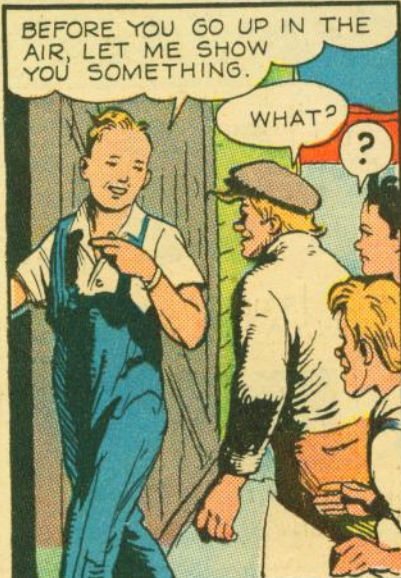
HEY!- WAIT A MINUTE, FELLOWS!



BEFORE YOU GO UP IN THE AIR, LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING.

WHAT?

?



EDDIE'S OFFER TO BROCK WORRIES JERRY.

HEY, EDDIE! YOU AREN'T GOING TO LET THEM KNOW WHERE WE WORK?

SSH! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!



YOU SEE- WE'RE JUST TRYING TO HELP IN THE WAR HUH? WHAT ARE YOU PLANNIN' TO DO- GIVE HITLER A RIDE IN A WAGON?





BE AS PATRIOTIC AS YOU WANT TO- BUT, I'M STILL WARNIN' YA TO STAY AWAY FROM OUR CUSTOMERS. SEE?

I'M NOT SURE WE CAN DO THAT. BESIDES, DO YOU WANT IT KNOWN THAT YOU'RE **CASHING IN** ON THE WAR EFFORT?

LISTEN, SMART GUY! JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT AND DO LIKE I TOLD YOU!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

NOW THEY'RE REALLY MAD! HECK, EDDIE! BROCK'S APT TO COME BACK AND WRECK THE PLACE!

YEAH- HE MAY.

WELL, WHAT DID YOU SHOW IT TO HIM FOR, THEN?

I HAD A HUNCH THEY MIGHT GO RIGHT ON THIS ONE THING.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO DO- BUT I PROMISED MOM I'D HELP HER THIS AFTERNOON

OKAY, JERRY SEE YOU LATER

## DELIVERING GROCERIES CAN BE FUN!

MOUNT A BOX ON THE FRONT OF YOUR BIKE

"SADDLE BAGS" ..NOT TOO BULKY, HOWEVER!

"PAPOOSE PACK"

CUT A BASKET IN HALVES

PLYWOOD

BRACKET

BENT WATER PIPE

SHOULDER STRAPS

"BIKE TRAILER" SIMPLY A BOX WITH WHEELS.

FLATTEN PIPE AND BOLT ON



THAT SAME EVENING, EDDIE CALLS FOR JERRY AS USUAL.



PSST! HEY, JERRY!



HI, EDDIE! WHAT'S UP?

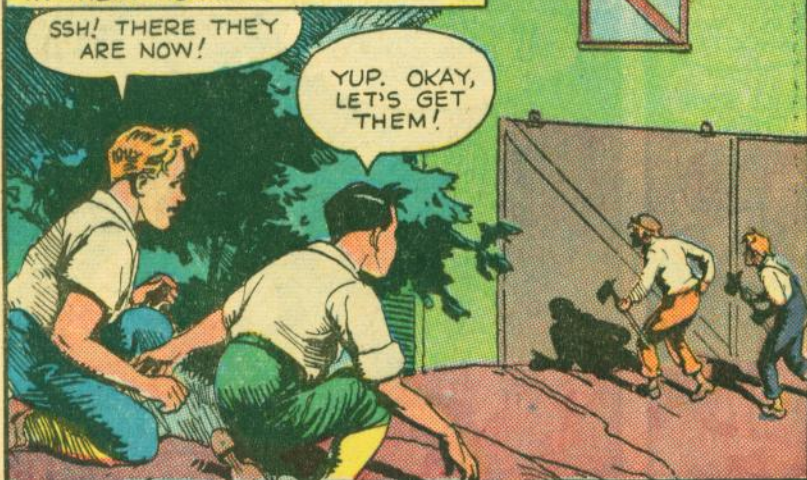
COME DOWN!



I EXPECT A VISIT FROM BROCK AND STINKIE SOON.

I THOUGHT THEY'D COME BACK!

AND, AS EDDIE AND JERRY WAIT IN THEIR WORKSHOP...



SSH! THERE THEY ARE NOW!

YUP. OKAY, LET'S GET THEM!



NO... LET THEM GO AHEAD!

WHAT? WHY? THEY ARE BREAKING THE DOOR DOWN WITH AXES!

BROCK AND STINKIE GET INTO THE BARN AND GO TO WORK.



BUST EVERYTHING!

YOU BET, BROCK!

MEANWHILE, EDDIE WALKS CALMLY TO THE CORNER.



HOW CAN YOU BE SO COOL? ALL OUR WORK-! LET'S DO SOMETHING!

OKAY-WE WILL! IT'S JUST ABOUT TIME, NOW!



OFFICER O'MALLEY!

YES? WHO-OH, EDDIE!

THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME!





I-ER- I THINK THERE'S SOME ONE IN THE BARN!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN- **THINK!** I CAN HEAR THEM FROM HERE!



THEY SURE AREN'T MAKING ANY SECRET OF IT... WE'LL HAVE A LOOK!



**WHAT TH-!** DROP THOSE AXES, YOU LITTLE BRATS!

**COPS! LET'S SCRAM!**



GRAB THEM! I DON'T WANT TO SHOOT!

WE'LL STOP THEM!



EDDIE AND JERRY HALT THEM.

**WOW!** NICE WORK! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM NOW.

LET ME GO!

## MAKE YOUR OWN CLOTHES HANGERS!

TRACE AN OLD HANGER ON A PIECE OF PLYWOOD AND CUT OUT-TWO OR MORE AT THE SAME TIME WITH A JIG-SAW!



WIRE HANGERS BELONG ON THE SCRAP PILE!

HERE'S A GOOD REMINDER TO HANG UP THOSE CLOTHES!



HANG TROUSERS HERE





YOU'RE ALL THROUGH  
BREAKING THINGS  
FOR AWHILE!

LOOKS  
AS THOUGH  
THEY'VE DONE  
TOO MUCH ALREADY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

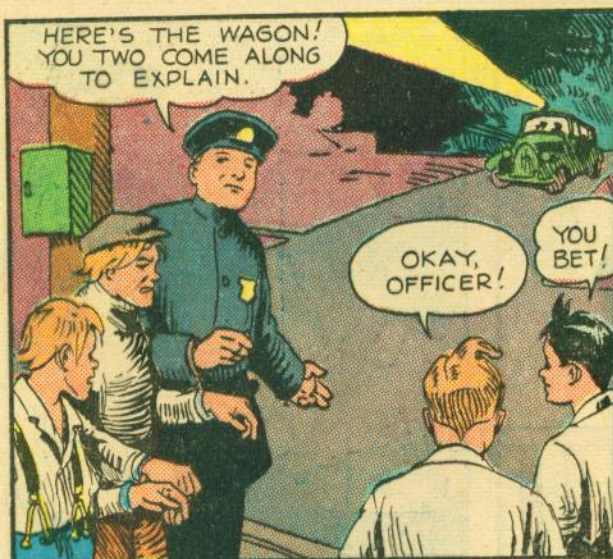
CAPTAIN O'NEILL?...  
SEND THE WAGON.

THEY DON'T  
DESERVE TO HAVE  
RUBBER AND GAS  
WASTED ON  
THEM!



GEE, EDDIE! THEY WRECKED  
EVERYTHING—THIS STUFF IS  
SO SMASHED, I DON'T EVEN  
KNOW WHAT IT WAS BEFORE  
IT JUST LOOKS LIKE  
KINDLING WOOD!

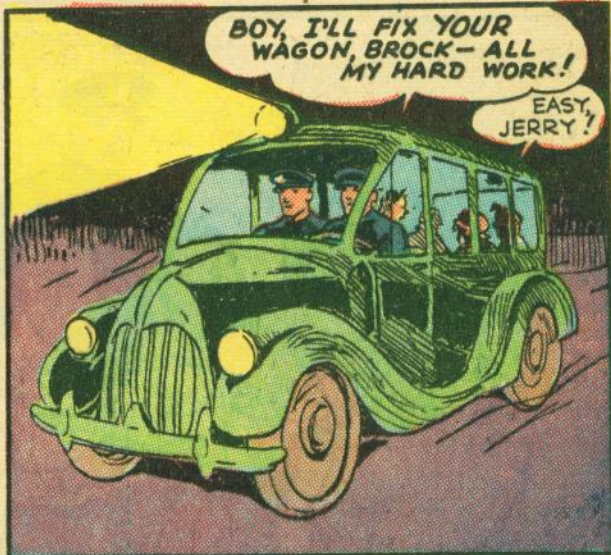
MMM!



HERE'S THE WAGON!  
YOU TWO COME ALONG  
TO EXPLAIN.

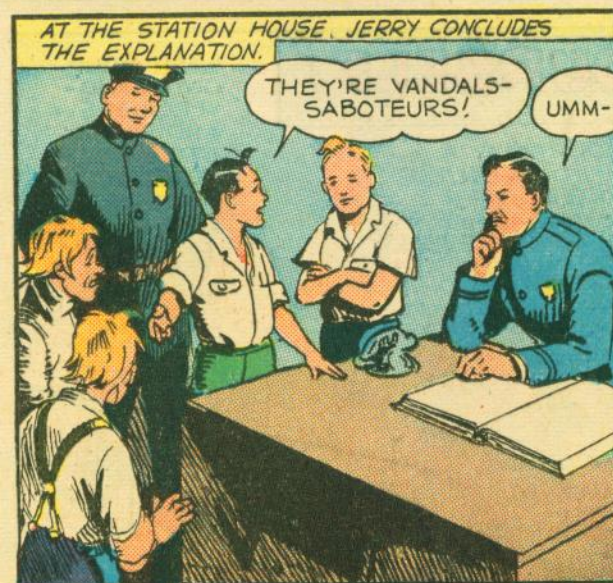
OKAY,  
OFFICER!

YOU  
BET!



BOY, I'LL FIX YOUR  
WAGON, BROCK— ALL  
MY HARD WORK!

EASY,  
JERRY!



AT THE STATION HOUSE, JERRY CONCLUDES  
THE EXPLANATION.

THEY'RE VANDALS-  
SABOTEURS!

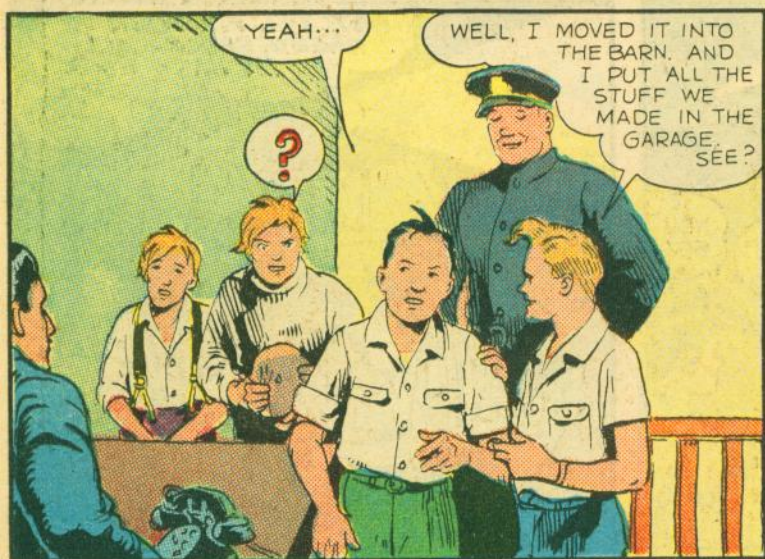
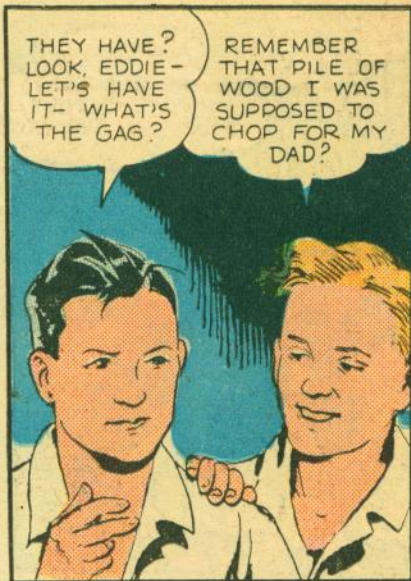
UMM-



HEY, EDDIE!  
WHAT'S SO  
DARNED  
FUNNY?

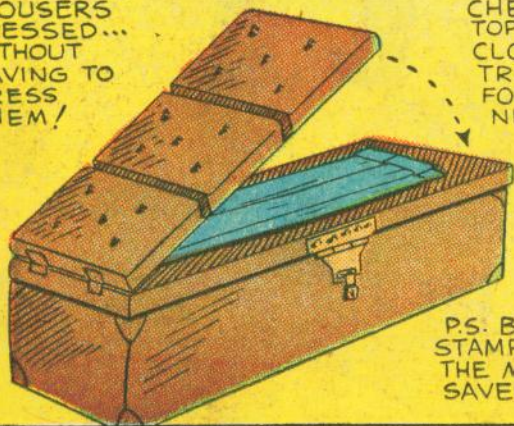
I GUESS I SHOULD  
LET YOU IN ON IT—  
THE JOKE'S ON  
BROCK AND  
STINKIE!





## LEARN TO DO IT YOURSELF!

KEEP YOUR TROUSERS PRESSED... WITHOUT HAVING TO PRESS THEM!



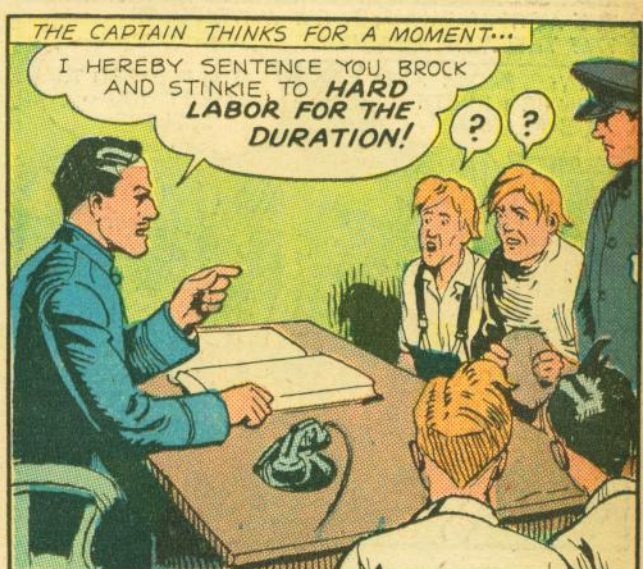
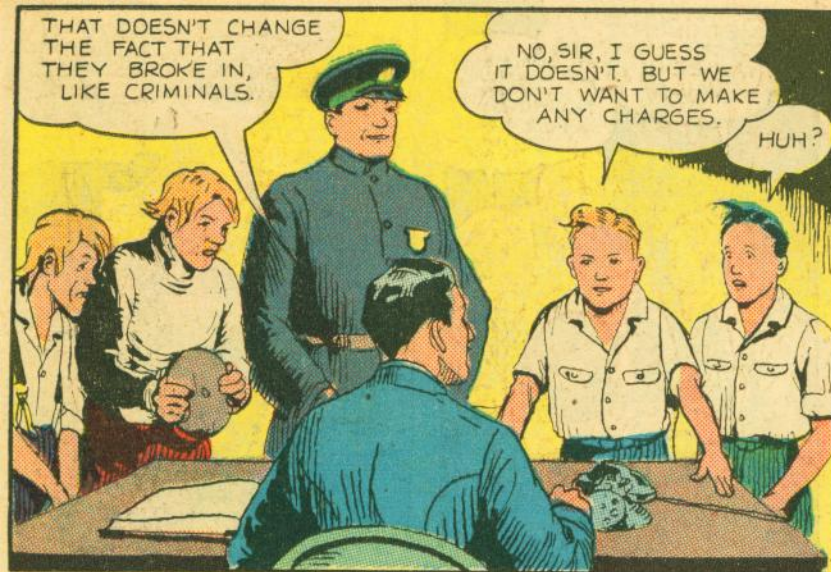
MAKE YOURSELF A CHEST WITH A DOUBLE TOP... LINE IT WITH CLOTH... AND LEAVE YOUR TROUSERS - CAREFULLY FOLDED - IN IT EVERY NIGHT! SITTING ON IT WILL GIVE YOU A SHARP CREASE!

P.S. BUY WAR STAMPS WITH THE MONEY SAVED.

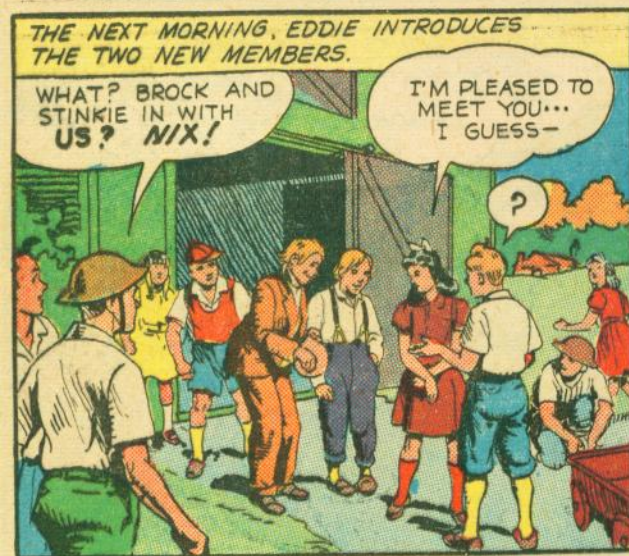
WASH YOUR OWN HAND-KERCHIEFS... AND WHILE STILL WET, STRETCH THEM OVER THE SIDE OF A TUB. WHEN DRY - USE! PRESSING IS UNNECESSARY!











**HERE'S ONE FOR YOU...YOUR MOM WILL LOVE!**

EDDIE BELL CALLS THIS GADGET MOM'S  
**"WORRY ELIMINATOR."**  
 ...YOU'LL UNDERSTAND!

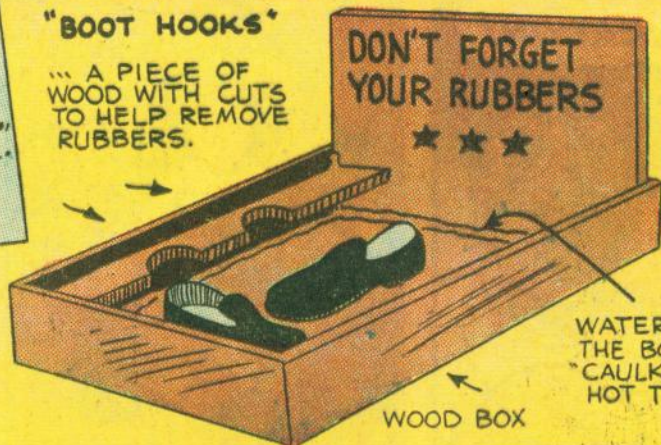
**"BOOT HOOKS"**

... A PIECE OF WOOD WITH CUTS TO HELP REMOVE RUBBERS.

**DON'T FORGET YOUR RUBBERS**  
 ★ ★ ★

REMEMBER, THERE IS A GREAT SHORTAGE OF DOCTORS!

PLACE THE BOX NEAR THE MOST-USED DOOR AND.....**USE IT!**



WATER-PROOF THE BOX BY "CAULKING" WITH HOT TAR.



EDDIE ADDRESSES THE GANG AND LETS THEM HAVE IT WITH BOTH BARRELS.

WE ARE AT WAR! THERE'S NO TIME FOR PETTY FEELINGS. KIDS CAN'T ACT THEIR AGES BECAUSE THEY HAVE MEN'S JOBS TO DO... AND THAT MEANS EACH ONE OF US WHO'S MAN ENOUGH!



ED'S RIGHT... THIS IS NO TIME FOR HARD FEELINGS.

SORRY, BROCK... AND WELCOME!

'S OKAY!



SOME ONE ELSE HEARS EDDIE'S SPEECH...

NICE WORK, EDDIE!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL- AND OFFICER O'MALLEY! HELLO!



THE MAYOR ASKED US TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR WORK THIS PAST WEEK HAS SAVED ALMOST A THOUSAND DOLLARS- AND ALL OF IT WILL GO INTO WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!



GEE, THAT'S SWELL! HEAR THAT, FELLOWS?... ONLY, GOSH! I HAVEN'T BOUGHT ANY, MYSELF, RECENTLY.



BUT, EDDIE, DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT ALL THOSE BONDS ARE ALMOST DIRECTLY ATTRIBUTED TO YOU?... BESIDES, MAYBE THIS WILL HELP!



A HUNDRED DOLLAR WAR BOND! GOSH!

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT OF ANY KIND IS REWARDED, EDDIE.



**BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS.**

THIS STORY IDEA WAS SUGGESTED IN A LETTER FROM THE UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

RAY GILL



# PATRIOTISM *Begins at Home!*

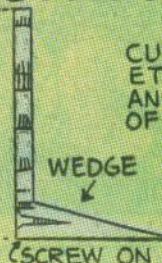
## TIMESAVERS YOU CAN MAKE FOR MOM!

YES... THERE ARE JOBS TO BE DONE... AND MOSTLY BY GROWN-UPS... BUT DADS AND MOTHERS... BUT YOU CAN HELP BY DOING THINGS YOURSELF... AND BY MAKING THESE GADGETS THAT WILL SAVE THEM TIME THEY MAY USE ON MORE VITAL CHORES!

**R**  
YOU HELPING?

*Ray*

### SIMPLE DOOR-STOPPERS!



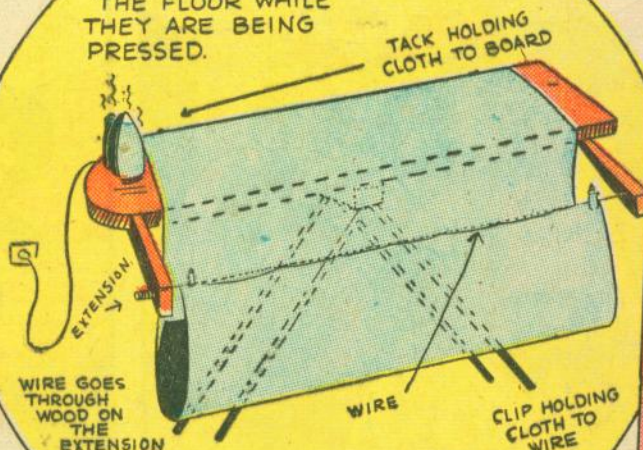
CUT A CAT, DOG, ETC. OUT OF WOOD AND SCREW A WEDGE OF WOOD ON BACK.

PUSH STOPPER AGAINST DOOR... WEDGE HOLDS IT OPEN.

### REMEMBER

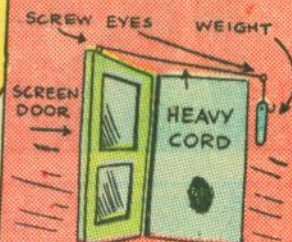
TO SAVE TIME IS TO LENGTHEN LIFE... AND AT THE PRESENT... **SHORTEN WAR!**

THIS GADGET IS DESIGNED TO KEEP CLEAN CLOTHES OFF THE FLOOR WHILE THEY ARE BEING PRESSED.



### NO SPRINGS!

ELIMINATE MOM'S CONCERN ABOUT YOUR LEAVING THE SCREEN DOOR OPEN... EVEN THOUGH WE MAY NO LONGER BE ABLE TO BUY SPRINGS!

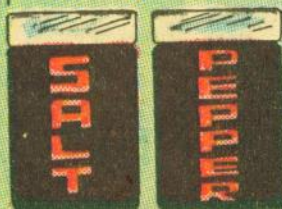


### GRADUATED SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS... COOKING SIZE.

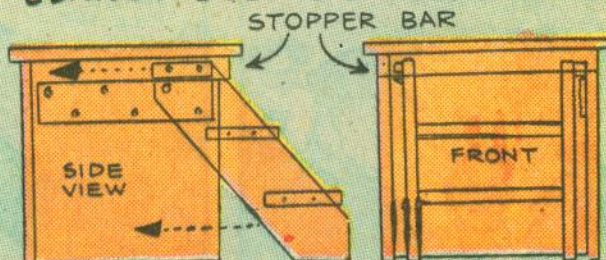


TAKE TWO EMPTY JARS WITH SCREW-ON TOPS... PUNCH HOLES IN TOPS AND LETTER... WITH RUBBER CEMENT "SALT" AND "PEPPER" AS SHOWN BELOW.

NOW... AFTER LETTERING... PAINT OR DIP ENTIRE JAR IN PAINT. WHEN PAINT IS DRY... RUB THROUGH PAINT AND RUBBER CEMENT WILL COME OFF.



### HANDY STEP LADDER STOOL!



CONSTRUCTED OF  $\frac{3}{4}$ " WHITE PINE THE LADDER PULLS OUT ON A SLIDE. WHEN IN THE STOOL MAY BE USED AS AN EXTRA CHAIR. MOM WILL APPRECIATE THIS... BUT ONLY IF IT IS MADE WELL!



# A DOG

# ENLISTS!

**F**RANK MADDEN, sixteen, red-headed, and freckled, was trying to say good-bye to his brother Charlie. It was a tough job anyway you looked at it.

"Yeah," he said, "pretty soft going off to Australia or Africa, no telling where. I gotta stick here. Why does a fellow have to be an old man before the government'll take him..."

"Keep your chin up, kid, and you'll get in, soon enough," Charlie grinned. "Then you can take a sock at the Japs, too."

"Yeah, but the war'll be over before I'm old enough. Well, anyway," he hurried on, as the train began moving out of the little Pennsylvania town, "get some of them Japs, or Germans, whichever you meet up with. I'll take good care of Tim for you..."

"You do that, Frank, and remember what I told you—that dog's yours." He broke off. "... beat it, kid, we're picking up speed."

Frank hustled off the train. "So long... don't forget about the Japs..."

Trudging home, Frank didn't know whether he was happy or sad. Guess a fellow ought to feel pretty proud though, having two brothers in the war. Bill had enlisted in the Coast Guard right after Pearl Harbor. And now Charlie was in the Navy. Heck, why couldn't he do something.

"Well, he got away okay.

Mother," Frank burst into the kitchen. "And he gave me Tim. But Tim won't be the same with Charlie away. A thoroughbred Collie sorta gets used to only one person. And Charlie's had him since he was a pup..."

Frank's mother reached for a handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes.

"Hustle, now," she said, "your father is expecting you down at the store. Saturday's his busy day, you know."

FRANK had time for only a word or two with Tim before he left. The dog had the run of the small yard and he was curled up in a sunny spot right back of the kitchen. His thick, tan coat glistened and Frank noticed again the powerful body and intelligent eyes.

"See you later, Tim," he told him. "Gotta beat it now."

Tim got to his feet, gave one short bark, turned around and lay down again.

Frank was glad the store was full of customers. Kept him from thinking too much about Charlie. But his father, he observed, fumbled now and then as he took a can or package off a shelf and, Frank thought, he looked tired long before time to close up.

Early Sunday afternoon Frank and Tim went for a stroll through the woods. Tim wasn't his old self though. Before Charlie went away, Tim would strain at the leash when he was taken out. Today, he just sauntered along and sometimes Frank

would find the dog hanging back.

Frank guessed that a dog does miss his master. But if Tim was taking it that hard already, what would happen after Charlie had been gone a week, or a month. Frank frowned a little at that and sat down on a stump. Tim crouched at his feet, head down, eyes closed.

"What's eatin' you, Tim," he addressed the dog. "Charlie'll be okay. He had a job to do for Uncle Sam."

**THE FOLLOWING** week two thoughts were almost constantly in Frank's mind. To begin with, he wanted to do something for his country. He could fight the Japs as well as his brothers could! Wasn't he tall for his age, and strong.

Also, he was worried about Tim. The dog was mooning something fierce; wasn't eating much and that was a bad sign in any animal.

Then a few days later, Frank had his first really happy moment since Charlie left.

"Hal Miller was telling me today," his father said, after supper, "that he's given his Great Dane to the Army. Seems the Army and other services need dogs the same as men. Some are being trained to guard munition factories, others are sent to the Coast Guard to patrol beaches. Apparently there are quite a number of things they can do better than men..."

"Gee," Frank said, as an idea took shape in his mind. If he couldn't get in the service himself, he could send Tim. Wouldn't that be helping?

It was easy to see what the trouble with Tim was—he was worrying about Charlie. Of



course, Tim didn't know where Charlie was, but he knew he'd gone away. Maybe Tim would be glad to get into the service. One thing Frank did know. If Tim was accepted, he'd be one swell guard.

Once the idea had taken form, it grew. His teacher told him, "write to Dogs For Defense, Inc., New York, telling them all about your dog. If they want him, they will make all the arrangements."

**A MONTH AFTER** Frank wrote the letter, Tim was accepted and sent to a training center. Several weeks later, he received a report that the dog was training well. And two months after Tim first entered the kennels, Frank was notified that he had completed training and had been turned over to the Coast Guard for service.

Letters from Charlie and Bill came now and then, but with no regularity. Frank spent a good deal of time wondering what they were doing. Charlie, it appeared, was on an oil tanker; that was the extent of their knowledge. Bill was stationed at some Gulf port.

One day, the local newspaper carried a story of an oil tanker submarined in the Gulf. The crew had taken to life boats, but several men were still unaccounted for.

Frank trembled with fear, and asked, "Gee, Dad, do you think one of them is Charlie? He's on a tanker, isn't he?"

"Well, that's what we think from Charlie's last letter. Don't worry about it, son; chances are Charlie wasn't on that tanker."

Two weeks passed uneventfully. Then the Madden family's peace was suddenly shattered by a telegram from the Navy Department stating Charlie was missing at sea.

Finally, one Sunday morning when the gloom was thicker than usual, despair gave way to gaiety. They had just finished

breakfast, when a messenger boy brought another telegram. Frank's father tore open the envelope with shaking hands. Then he gave a shout.

"It's from Bill," he exclaimed. "Charlie's in a hospital in Galveston but is all right. Bill's leaving for there and will keep us informed. Says Tim's a hero. . . ."

Their relief was marvelous. What had begun as just another day of hoping against hope, now turned into one of thanksgiving. Frank couldn't keep still. When he wasn't talking to one of his parents about the good news, he was roaming from one room to another, whistling as he went.

What really puzzled them though, was Bill's reference to Tim. What had the dog done?

**WHEN THE LETTER** finally came, it seemed they couldn't have waited another day. Frank ran with it to his mother, to whom it was addressed. When she took the sheets from the envelope her hands trembled and a little moisture gathered on her upper lip.

"Dear Mom," the letter began. "Guess you were all surprised to get my telegram. Well, I might as well start at the beginning but first, there's nothing to worry about. Charlie will be out in a few days.

"There was plenty of excitement when word reached us from the Guard fifty miles up the beach that five men had been washed up on some rocks in a life boat. When I found out that one of the men was Charlie, you can imagine how I felt. And, when I heard the men had been taken to a hospital in Galveston, I didn't waste any time asking for leave and going there.

"But what really floored me was the part Tim played. From what Charlie and the members of the Guard tell me, Tim really was the hero and gets the

credit, although Frank deserves a lot of it for enlisting Tim. . . ."

"The guard on duty," the letter went on, "said he and the dog assigned to him were patrolling the beach in that section. It was two in the morning, and a chilly rain added to their otherwise cheerless surroundings. Suddenly the dog began acting strangely, standing at attention and growling softly. The guard strained his ears but heard nothing unusual. But the dog kept it up and finally led him to a rocky part of the beach.

"The dog stood there, tense, looking steadily out to sea. The guard saw nothing except the waves breaking over the rocks. The rain made vision particularly difficult. Finally, the guard notified headquarters and two other members were assigned to help.

"Through their field glasses they located the life boat smashed against one of the rocks. They launched their boat and after a rough trip they reached the men and brought them in. The men were weak and their clothes ragged and covered with oil. The guard said they couldn't have lasted another hour.

"Charlie told me at the hospital that he came to find Tim nuzzling his face. Yours lovingly, Bill."

**SEVERAL HOURS** later when Frank and his parents had talked themselves out, and Frank had been congratulated over and over for his part in the rescue, his father summed up the situation.

"It shows," he said, "that everyone can help in some way to win the war. Frank was too young to enlist himself, but he sent Tim, who saved precious lives, including Charlie's. And dogs like him are going to be heard from a lot of times before this war's over."

*The End.*



# DAN'L FLANNEL

PRESENTING  
"GEN'L'MAN  
DAN'L."

by  
SCHROTTER



AFTER MUCH  
DISCUSSION...

ALL RIGHT, DAN'L. AH  
GIVES YO' PERMISSION  
TO GO- AN'  
HYAR'S TWO  
DOLLARS,  
TO BOOT.

UNCLE  
DUD, YO'  
IS  
WUNNERFUL!

ONE DAY UNCLE DUD BECOMES  
FLABBERGASTED WHEN...

WHAT IN TARNATION  
DOES YO' WANT  
TO GO TO THE  
BIG CITY FER?

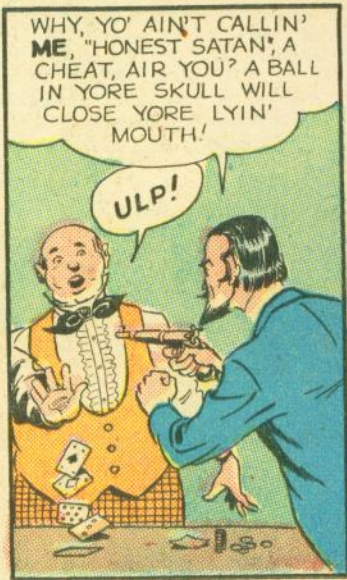
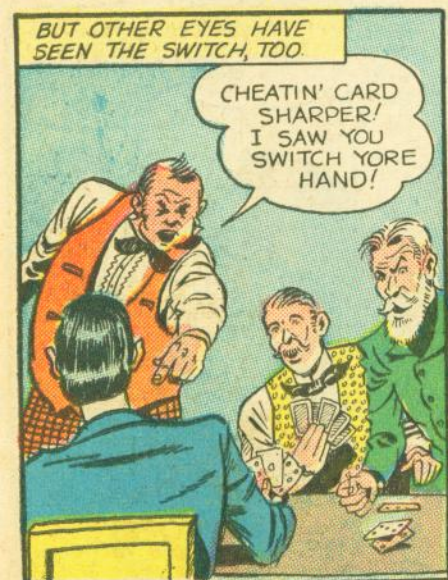
CAUSE  
AH'VE  
DECIDED TO  
BECOME A  
GEN'L'MAN!

A GEN'L'MAN?  
WHUT DOES  
YO' THINK  
YO' AIR  
NOW-  
A POLECAT?

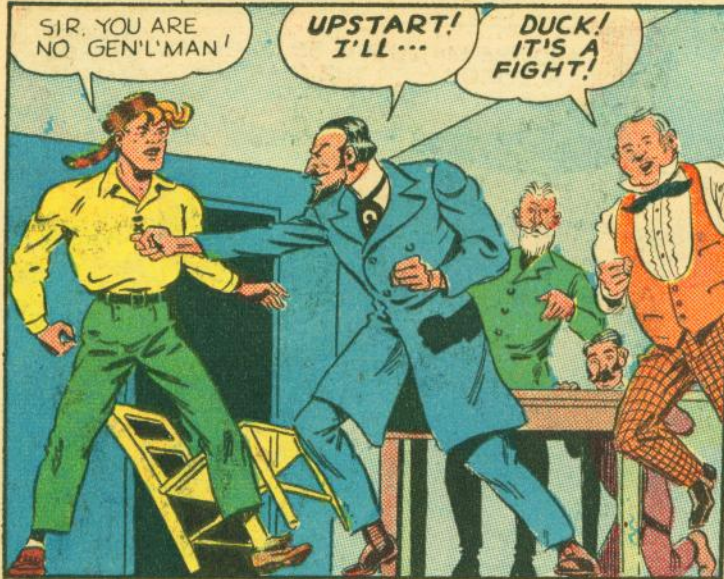
NO. BUT AH NEEDS  
CULCHER AND  
REEFINEMENTS TO  
BE A REEL GEN'L'MAN.  
AN' AH CAIN'T FIND  
THET HERE IN  
HOMESPUN CENTER,  
UNCLE DUD! AH  
**MUST** GO TO THE  
BIG  
CITY!













WEEKS LATER, IN THE BIG CITY...

DAN'L, YO' FIGHTS YORE FIRST FIGHT TONIGHT WITH "BEAT 'EM UP BARNABY".

UGH! SECH A REEVOL'TIN' NAME!

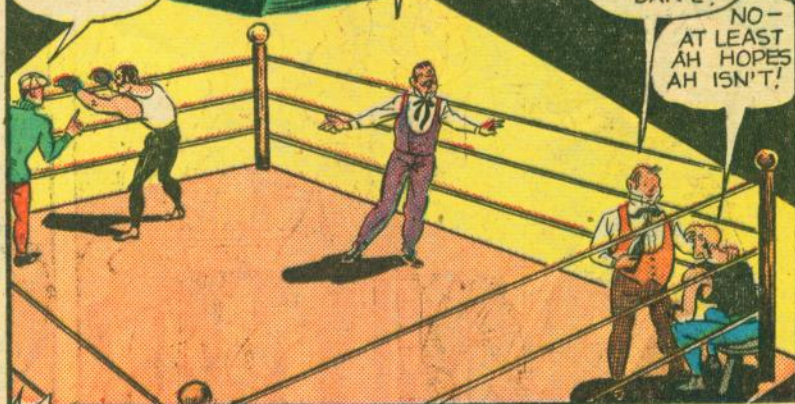
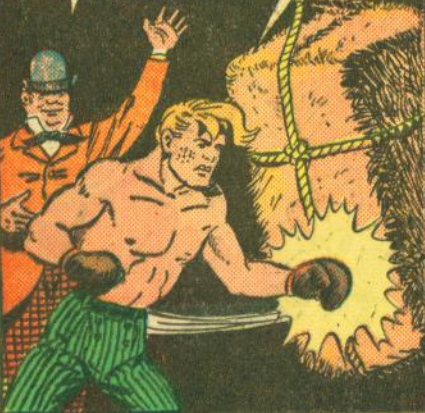
THE BOYS GO TO THEIR CORNERS...

WEAR HIM DOWN, BARNABY!

AND THE MATCH WILL BE CONTESTED ACCORDING TO THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY RULES.

NERVOUS, GEN'L'MAN DAN'L?

NO - AT LEAST AH HOPES AH ISN'T!



AT THE SOUND OF THE BELL, ROUND ONE STARTS.

CRACK!

THA WINNERRR- GEN'L'MAN DAN'L!

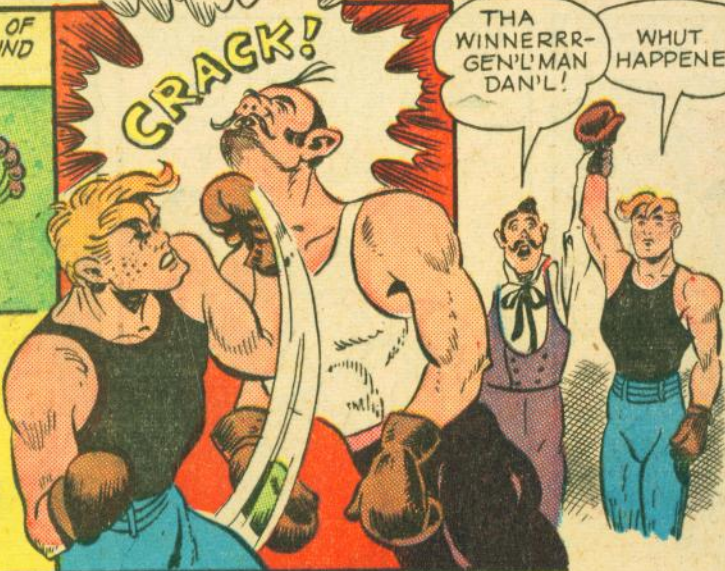
WHUT HAPPENED?

BUT THE AUDIENCE IS FAR FROM PLEASED.

HEY! WHERE'S THE FIGHT? YEAH! WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK!

SHORTEST FIGHT I EVER SAW!

BEAT-'EM-UP BARNABY RUNS FOR DAN'L - DAN'L STANDS HIS GROUND, RAISES HIS FIST - AND...



THE FASTEST FIGHT IN HISTORY - AND CHARITY JONES COLLECTS THE WINNINGS!

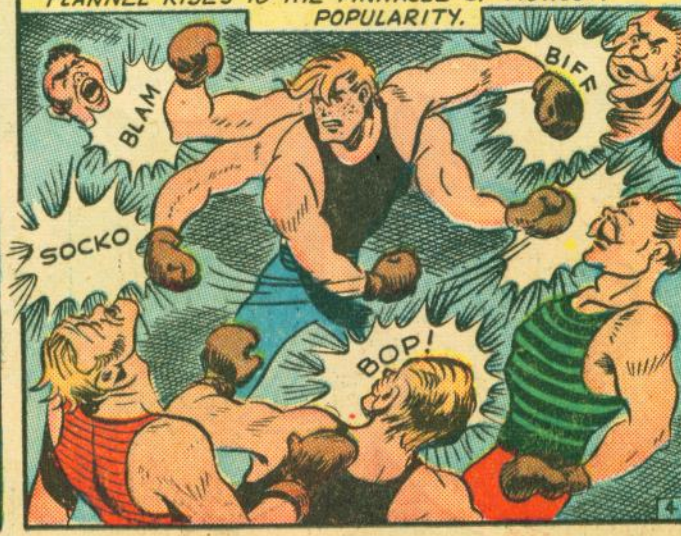
DON'T RUSH, GEN'L'MEN - GIVE TO CHARITY!

BAH! DIDN'T EVEN GET A RUN FOR OUR MONEY!

EASIEST DOUGH YOU EVER EARNED!



SOCKING, SMASHING, HITTING - GEN'L'MAN DAN'L FLANNEL RISES TO THE PINNACLE OF FISTICUFF POPULARITY.





AND MONTHS LATER...

GEE! WHO'S THAT A-COMIN'?

WHY, DONTCHA KNOW?

BOOTS & SHOES

THASS GEN'L'MAN DAN'L FLANNEL, THE FIGHTER!

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE POPULAR, GEN'L'MAN DAN'L?

ELEGANT! WISH BEULAH BELLE COULD SEE ME NOW, STEPPIN' OUT IN REAL SOCIETY!

YEAH? GEE!

THE TWO ARRIVE AT THE "SOCIETY PARTY".

WHO'S THAT WIF ALL THE WOMEN-FOLK?

BY GREGOR! IT'S THE **WORLD'S CHAMP!** SOME DAY YOU'LL BE FIGHTIN' HIM, DAN'L!

LOOK WHO'S HERE!

IT'S GEN'L'MAN DAN'L!

AW! WHAT YOU WANT WITH THAT PATTY CAKE!

I'VE GOT IT! - **FIGHT!** I'LL CHALLENGE HIM TO A FIGHT- I'LL MASH HIS FACE IN! THEN HE'LL BE SO UGLY THE GALS WILL NEVER GO AFTER HIM AGAIN! AH! THERE'S CHARITY JONES, HIS MANAGER!

GEN'L'MAN DAN'L, SIGN MY DANCE CARD.

I THINK YOU ARE WONDERFUL! (SIGH)

GULP!

**DRAT IT!** JUS' CAUSE HE'S A HANDSOME YOUNG CARD IS NO REASON FOR THOSE GALS TO DESERT ME - **THE CHAMP!**



LISSEN, CHARITY!  
I WANT TO FIGHT  
GEN'L'MAN DAN'L  
FLANNEL FOR THE  
CHAMPIONSHIP

GULP

AS DAN'L'S MANAGER  
CHARITY ACCEPTS.

GOOD!  
WE'LL FIGHT

FOR A PURSE OF TEN  
THOUSAND DOLLARS—  
WINNER TAKES ALL...  
INCLUDING THE  
GALS (CHUCKLE)!

AS THE EXCITING  
NEWS GOES AROUND...

SAY—  
AIN'T THET

"HONEST SATAN", THE  
CARD CHEATER I  
WALLOPED ON THE  
BOAT?

HRUMPH! IF IT AIN'T THE  
YOUNG ROGUE WHO  
HUMILIATED ME ON THE  
BOAT!... SO- HE'S GOING  
TO FIGHT THE CHAMP,  
EH?

I'LL FIX HIM! AH-THERE'S THE FELLOW  
I WANT TO SEE!

EH? OH, IT'S  
YOU, SATAN.  
G'WAY! NO  
GAMBLIN' FER ME!

HELLO,  
CHAMP!

NO, CHAMP— NO GAMBLING  
BUT I HAVE A PLAN  
TO MAKE SURE YOU  
WIN THE FIGHT.

YOU HAVE,  
EH?

DOES IT  
RESEMBLE  
THIS ONE?

SOCK

YEOW



THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I'LL WIN MY FIGHTS!

OW!  
LET GO!

BESIDES, I WANT THE PLEASURE OF SMASHIN' GEN'L'MAN DAN'L'S FACE!

MUST YOU LEAVE SO SOON?

?

TZZIPPP

JUST FOR THAT, I'LL GET EVEN WITH THE TWO OF THEM. JUST WAIT TILL THE FIGHT!

AND, BACK IN HOMESPUN CENTER, A WORRIED UNCLE CALLS UPON THE LOVELY BEULAH BELLE.

CONSNRIN IT! AIN'T HEERD A WORD FRUM DAN'L SINCE HE LEFT!

BEULAH BELLE, WHUT AIR YUH CRYIN' FER?

IT'S DAN'L! HE'S A GEN'L'MAN FIGHTER NOW-AN'-AN- (so B)

HE'S GOT A FLOCK OF CITY WOMEN CHASIN' HIM AROUND. IT SAYS SO IN TH' PAPER! HE'S GOING TO FIGHT THE WORLD'S CHAMPION AN' GET HIMSELF KILLED!

WELL, I'LL BE A PINCHY POLECAT

C'MON, GAL- WE AIR A-GONNA DO SOMETHIN' 'BOUT THIS. IT'S HIGH TIME DAN'L STOPPED THOSE FANCY DOIN'S!

W-WHERE ARE WE GOING, UNCLE DUD?

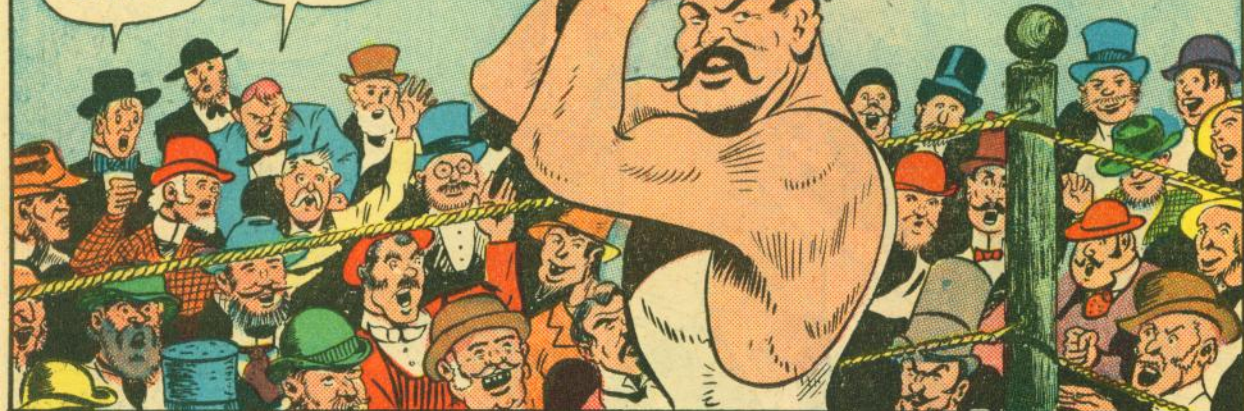


WEEKS LATER... THE NIGHT OF  
THE FIGHT...

THERE'S  
THE  
CHAMP!

'RAY,  
CHAMP!

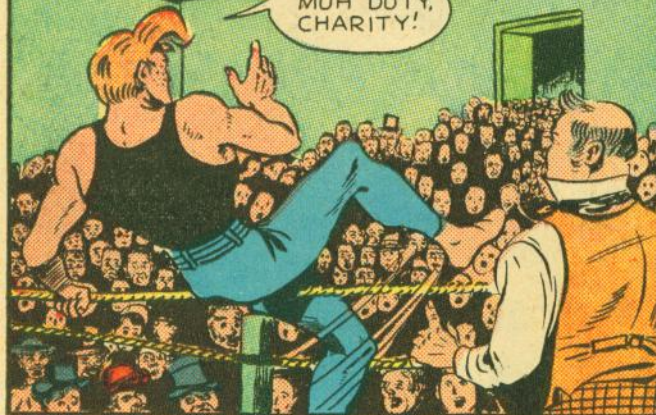
HAH! THEY'RE ALL  
HERE TO SEE ME KILL  
GEN'L MAN DAN'L!



AMIDST THUNDEROUS  
APPLAUSE, GEN'L MAN  
DAN'L FLANNEL  
ENTERS THE RING.

DAN'L, THIS IS OUR BIG  
NIGHT. I'VE GOT PLENTY  
OF BETS ON YOU!

AH!LL DO  
MUH DUTY,  
CHARITY!



BUT, ALSO PRESENT, IS THE NEFARIOUS  
SATAN!

AH! NOW  
TO FIX  
DAN'L!



THE 'DOCTORED' WATER TAKES EFFECT...

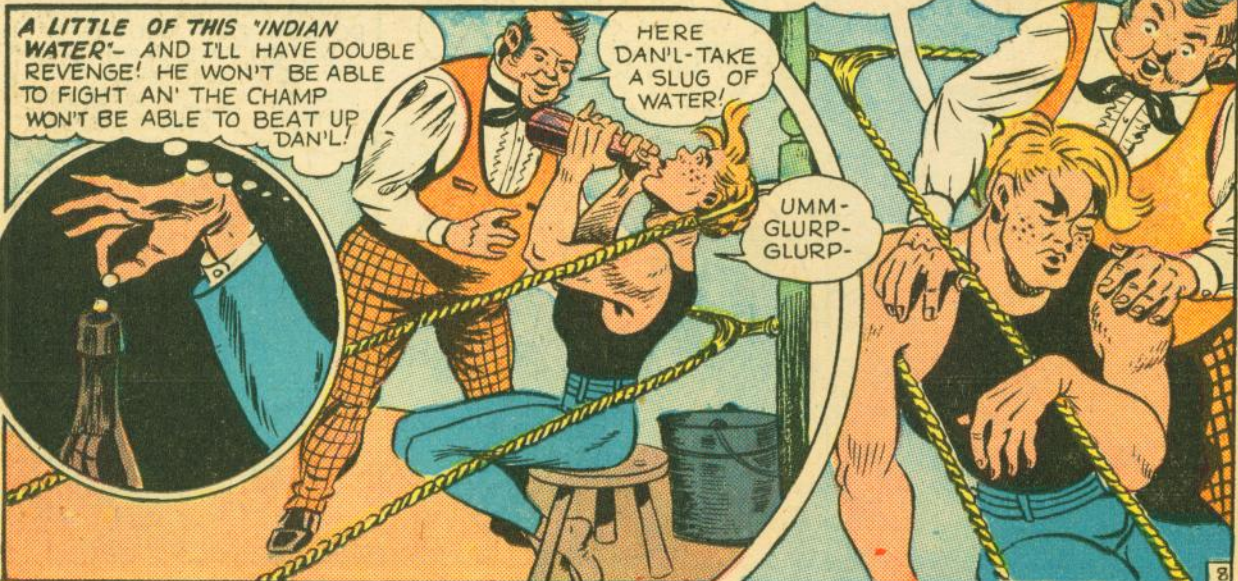
(YAWN) AH FEELS  
SLEEPY- SO-O  
SLEEPY! (YAWN)  
SO-O - ZZZZZ!

DAN'L- DAN'L!  
YUH CAN'T  
SLEEP  
NOW!

A LITTLE OF THIS 'INDIAN  
WATER'- AND I'LL HAVE DOUBLE  
REVENGE! HE WON'T BE ABLE  
TO FIGHT AN' THE CHAMP  
WON'T BE ABLE TO BEAT UP  
DAN'L!

HERE  
DAN'L-TAKE  
A SLUG OF  
WATER!

UMM-  
GLURP-  
GLURP-

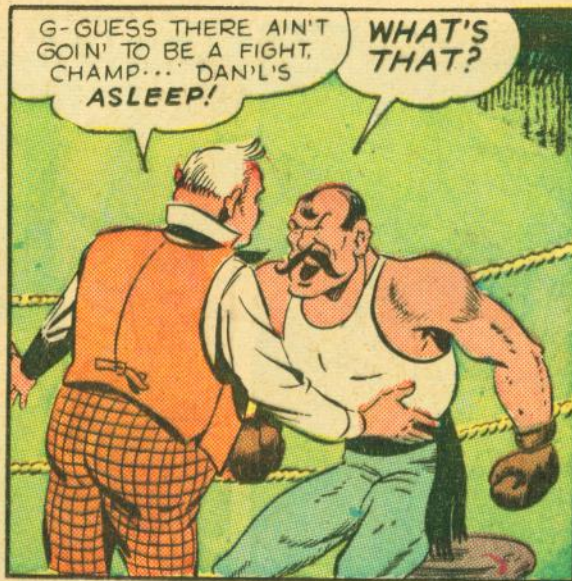






DAN'L! PLEASE WAKE UP. YOU HAVE TO FIGHT! PLEASE WAKE UP!

ZZZZ  
ZZZZ  
ZZZ  
ZZ  
Z



G-GUESS THERE AIN'T GOIN' TO BE A FIGHT, CHAMP... DAN'L'S ASLEEP!

WHAT'S THAT?

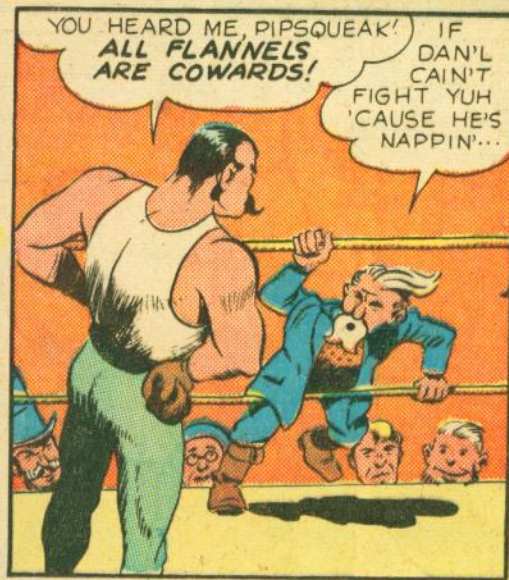


BAH! HE'S A COWARD! ALL FLANNELS ARE COWARDS! 'FRAID TO FIGHT!



SUDDENLY, A CLARION VOICE RINGS OUT!

WHUT'S THET YUH SAY ABOUT THE FLANNELS?



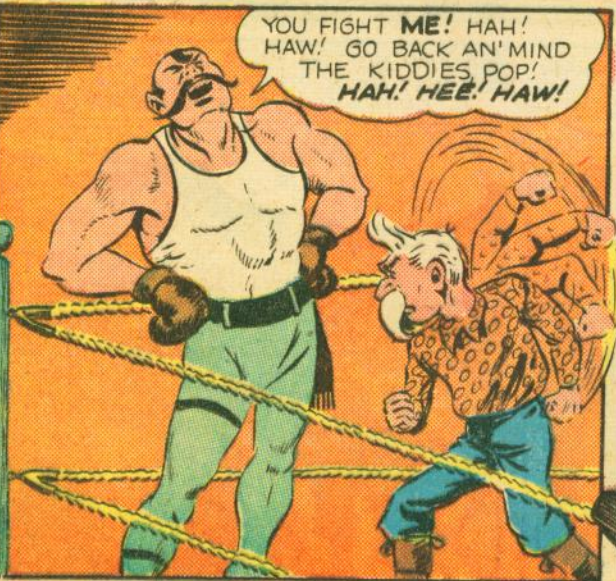
YOU HEARD ME, PIPSQUEAK! IF DAN'L CAIN'T FIGHT YUH 'CAUSE HE'S NAPPIN'...

ALL FLANNELS ARE COWARDS!

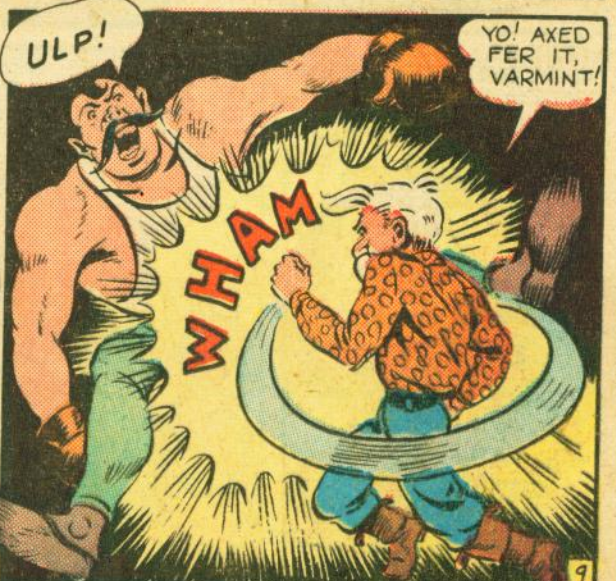
IF DAN'L CAIN'T FIGHT YUH 'CAUSE HE'S NAPPIN'...



...THEN AH ELECTS TUH FIGHT YUH RIGHT NOW!



YOU FIGHT ME! HAH! HAW! GO BACK AN' MIND THE KIDDIES, POP! HAH! HEE! HAW!

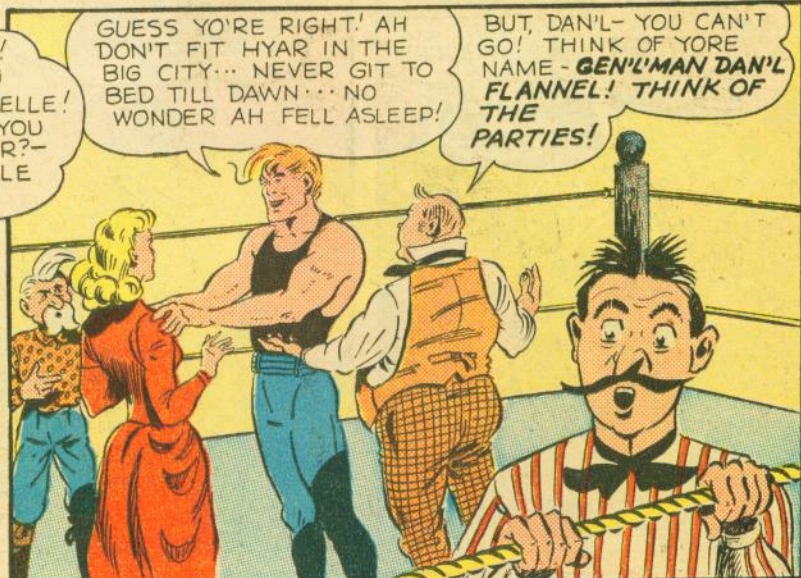
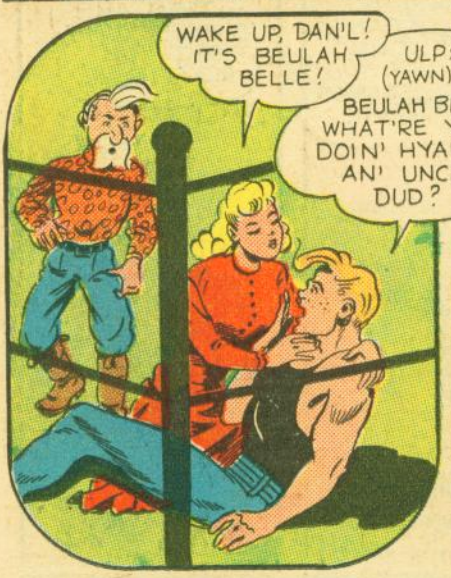
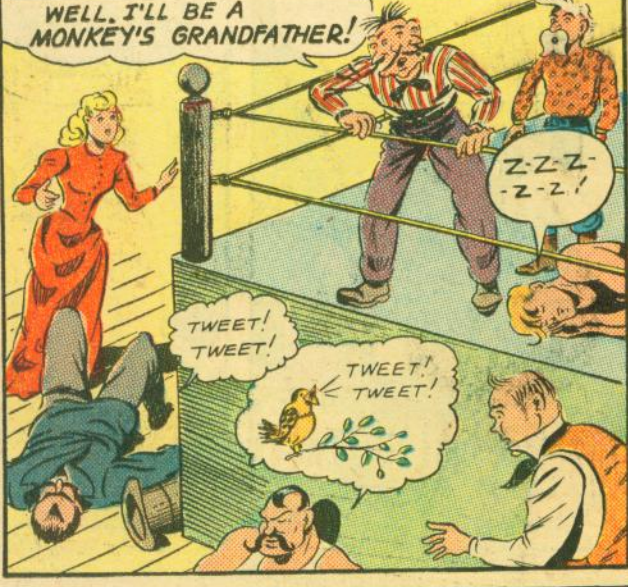
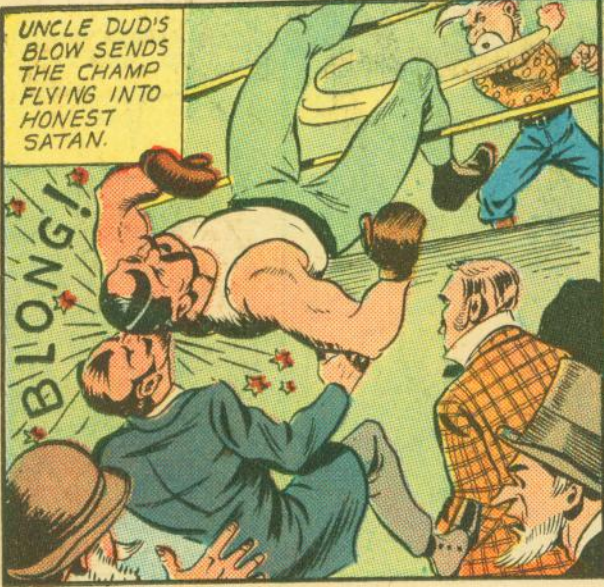


ULP!

WHAM  
WHAM  
WHAM

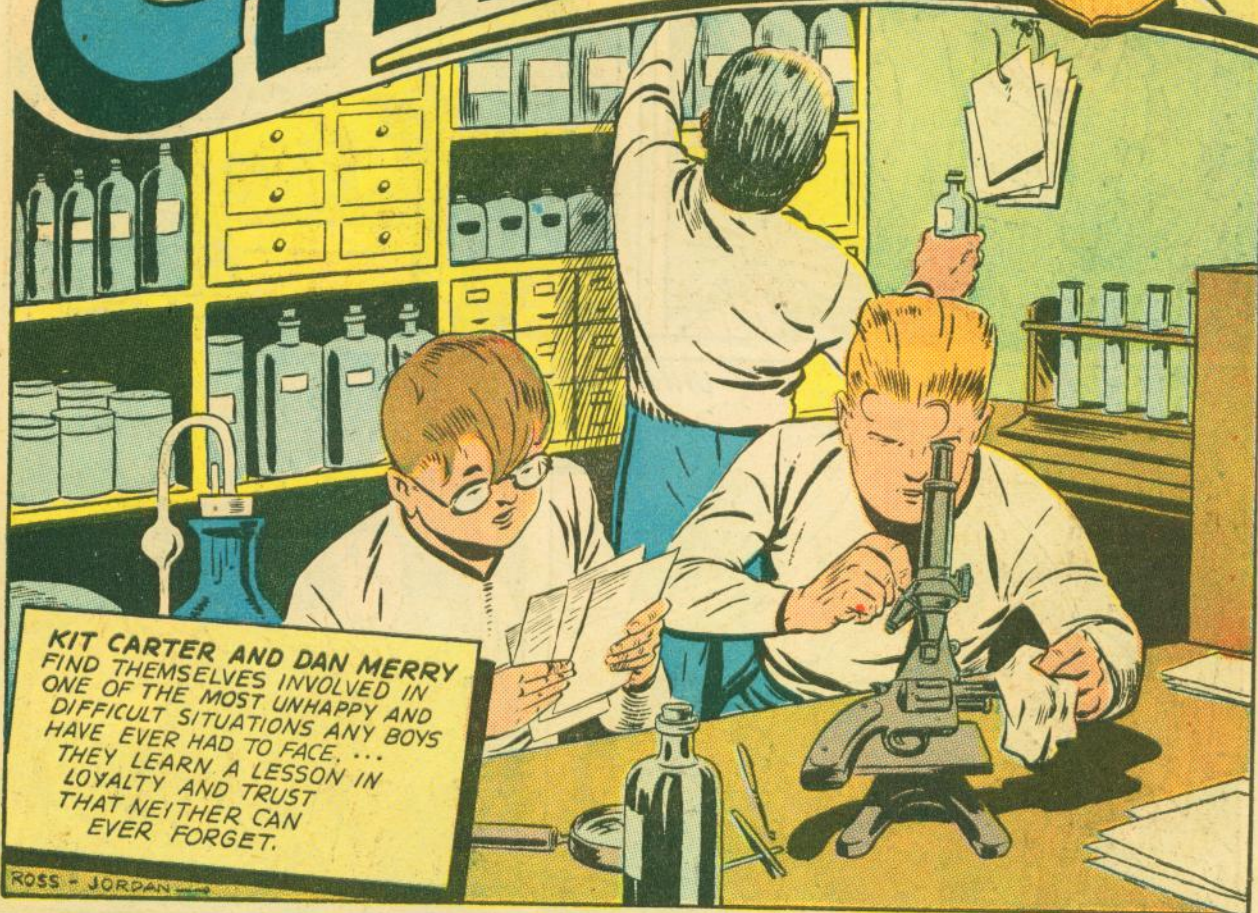
YO! AXED FER IT, VARMINT!







# The CADET



**KIT CARTER AND DAN MERRY**  
FIND THEMSELVES INVOLVED IN  
ONE OF THE MOST UNHAPPY AND  
DIFFICULT SITUATIONS ANY BOYS  
HAVE EVER HAD TO FACE. ...  
THEY LEARN A LESSON IN  
LOYALTY AND TRUST  
THAT NEITHER CAN  
EVER FORGET.

ROSS - JORDAN

LATE ONE NIGHT, OUTSIDE THE  
DORMITORY AT DAUNTON  
MILITARY ACADEMY...



DARN! IT WOULD  
BE LOCKED!

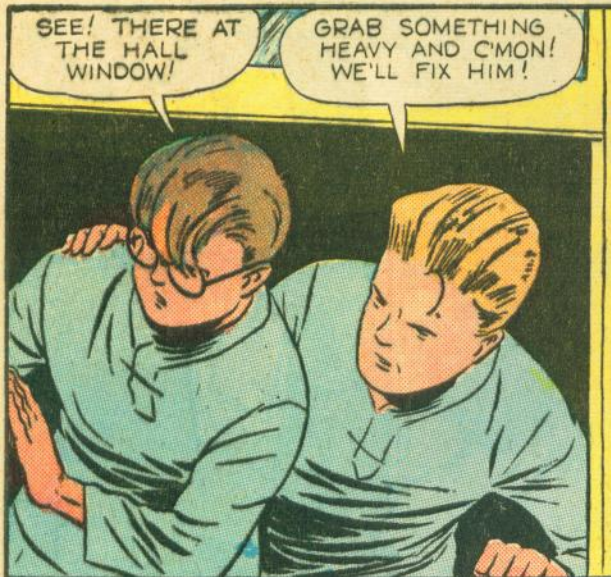


KIT! KIT! WAKE UP!  
SOME ONE'S TRYING  
TO BREAK IN!

HUH?  
WHAT?

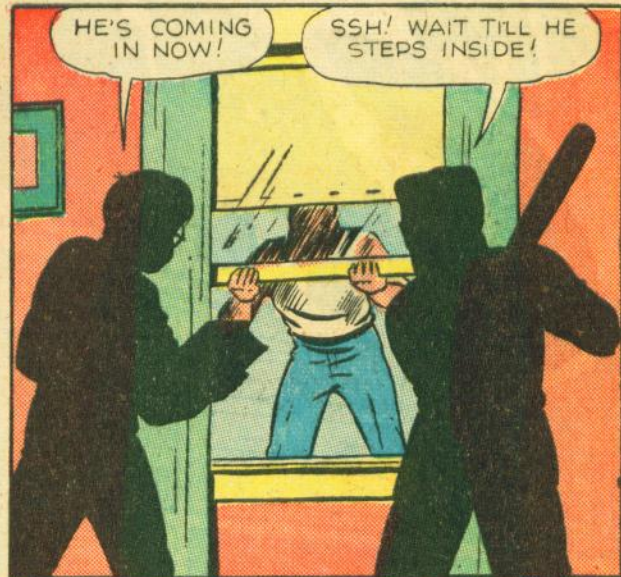






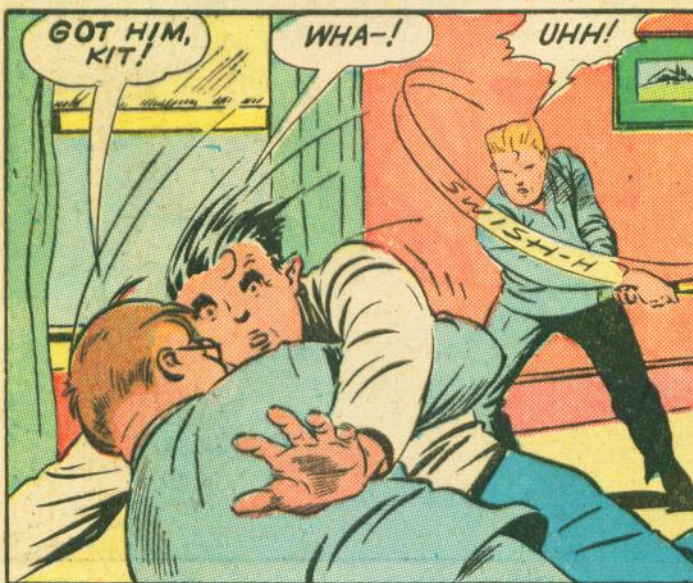
SEE! THERE AT THE HALL WINDOW!

GRAB SOMETHING HEAVY AND C'MON! WE'LL FIX HIM!



HE'S COMING IN NOW!

SSH! WAIT TILL HE STEPS INSIDE!



GOT HIM, KIT!

WHA-!

UHH!



CLUES CASEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT AT THIS HOUR?

SSH! DON'T LET ANYONE HEAR US!

YOU MEAN IT'S NOT A BURGLAR?



PLEASE! BE QUIET! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SNEAKING IN LIKE THIS?



WELL, I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO TELL YOU NOW... IT'S ABOUT COLONEL TILGHMAN! BUT LET'S GO TO YOUR ROOM.



CLUES MAKES A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE COLONEL HAS MURDERED A MAN!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

YOU'RE NUTS!





THAT'S A HECK OF A THING TO SAY ABOUT A FINE MAN LIKE THE COLONEL!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?

BUT, IT'S TRUE. I HAVE THE PROOF!



I'M NOT SURE, BUT I THINK IT MUST HAVE BEEN THIS EVENING. I ONLY FOUND THE BODY ABOUT TWO HOURS AGO.

LOOK, CLUES- ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?

THE BODY? HOLY SMOKES! DID YOU SEE HIM DO IT?



I FOUND A FOOTPRINT NEAR THE BODY THAT MUST HAVE BEEN MADE BY THE COLONEL. YOU KNOW HOW HE WEARS THOSE SHOES WITH THE FUNNY SHAPED HEELS?

I STILL WON'T BELIEVE IT! C'MON, WE'LL TAKE A LOOK!



CLUES' STORY IS INVESTIGATED...

THE BODY IS OVER IN THE FIELD NEAR THE ROAD.

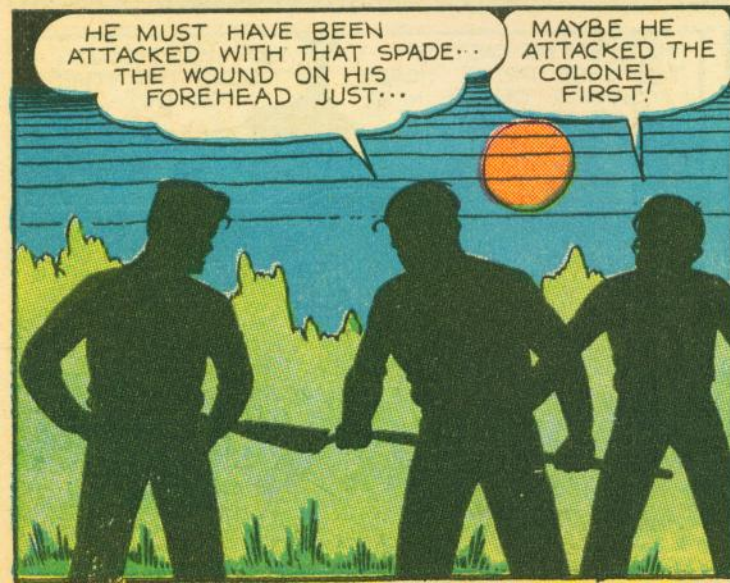
WE'LL SEE!



SEE? THERE HE IS!

JEEPERS! HE IS DEAD!

GOSH!



HE MUST HAVE BEEN ATTACKED WITH THAT SPADE... THE WOUND ON HIS FOREHEAD JUST...

MAYBE HE ATTACKED THE COLONEL FIRST!



NO, OR THE COLONEL WOULD HAVE REPORTED IT! BESIDES, THAT HOLE LOOKS AS THOUGH SOMEONE HAD STARTED TO BURY HIM BUT WAS INTERRUPTED! WHERE'S THAT FOOTPRINT, CLUES?

RIGHT OVER HERE NEAR THIS HOLE, KIT!



GOSH! THAT'S THE COLONEL'S, ALL RIGHT! AND HE HAS THOSE SHOES MADE SPECIAL I'LL BET THERE ARE NO OTHERS LIKE THEM.

HOW?

I TOOK A CAST OF IT BEFORE

OH! I FORGOT YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. I HAVE A LABORATORY DOWN IN THE TUNNEL THAT RUNS UNDER THE SCHOOL GROUNDS. THERE'S AN ENTRANCE OVER NEAR THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A TUNNEL UNDER THE SCHOOL

I FOUND OUT ABOUT IT IN AN OLD HISTORY BOOK DAUNTON WAS A FORT IN CIVIL WAR DAYS. THE TUNNEL CONNECTED THE MAIN STOCKADE WITH THE OUTBUILDINGS OF THE FORT

GEE! IF ANYTHING SHOULD COME UP, WE COULD HIDE THE COLONEL DOWN HERE.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, KIT. MAYBE WE CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT IT WAS.

WE'VE GOT TO SEE THAT NOTHING DOES COME UP! EVEN IF THE COLONEL DID MURDER THAT MAN, HE MUST HAVE HAD A GOOD REASON.

GEE, GOSH! WHAT A LAYOUT! SAY, WHO ARE YOU... J. EDGAR HOOVER?

MY DAD'S IN THE F.B.I., AND I WANT TO GET INTO IT, TOO. HE GAVE ME ALL THIS STUFF. I DIDN'T TELL ANYONE 'CAUSE I DIDN'T WANT THE FELLOWS TO MAKE FUN OF ME.

WELL, CLUES, I GUESS YOU KNOW MOST ABOUT THIS— SO YOU TELL US WHAT WE CAN DO.

HERE'S THE CAST OF THE SHOE PRINT. HERE'S A SAMPLE OF THE MUD, THE FINGERPRINTS I TOOK FROM THE SPADE, AND A SAMPLE OF CLOTH FROM THE DEAD MAN'S SUIT.

BUT WHAT GOOD DOES THIS STUFF DO US?





YOU KNOW, WE REALLY DON'T HAVE PROOF THAT THE COLONEL DID DO IT!

I'M GOING TO CHECK THE FINGERPRINTS NOW. I TOOK EVERYBODY'S, JUST FOR PRACTICE. HERE'S THE COLONEL'S!



THE FINGERPRINTS MATCH PERFECTLY.

NAME: COLONEL TILGHMAN  
ADDRESS: DAUNTON MILLS  
REMARKS: *Handwritten note*  
EXHIBIT 'C'  
NOTE: *Handwritten note*



THEY'RE THE SAME ALL RIGHT! DO WE HAVE TO TELL THE POLICE?

I DON'T KNOW, KIT. WHAT DO YOU THINK?



WE CAN'T JUST TURN HIM OVER TO THE POLICE, I KNOW IT'S WRONG - BUT... THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE AND WE HAVE TO FIND IT!



KIT'S RIGHT!

I KNOW! LET'S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT HIM! I'LL BRING A FLASHLIGHT AND WE'LL MAKE A THOROUGH SEARCH

GOOD! WE MAY FIND SOMETHING - I HOPE!



BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

HIS CLOTHES ARE AWFULLY WORN!

BUT THEY MUST HAVE BEEN GOOD, ONCE!



IS THERE ANY IDENTIFICATION?

HERE'S HIS WALLET!

HEY! SOME ONE'S COMING! DOUSE THE LIGHT!

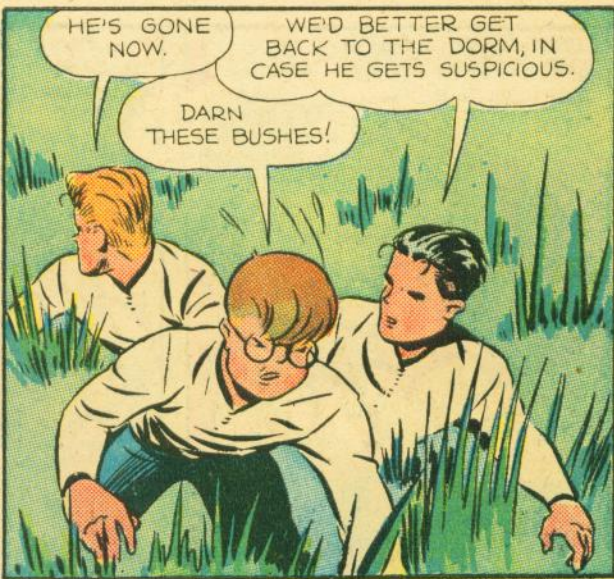


**THE THREE BOYS DUCK INTO SOME BUSHES...**



HEY! WHO'S THERE?  
HMM... GUESS IT WAS THE  
MOONLIGHT PLAYING  
TRICKS. THOUGHT  
I SAW THREE MEN.

IT'S THE NIGHT  
WATCHMAN!



HE'S GONE  
NOW.

WE'D BETTER GET  
BACK TO THE DORM, IN  
CASE HE GETS SUSPICIOUS.

DARN  
THESE BUSHES!

**EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...**



HEY, FELLOWS!  
ARE YOU  
AWAKE?



AWAKE? WE HAVEN'T SLEPT!  
WHAT'S UP?

I'M NOT SURE,  
BUT SOMETHING IS  
GOING ON, OUTSIDE.

**THE BOYS RUSH OUT...**



LOOK! THEY FOUND OUT!  
THEY'RE ARRESTING  
THE COLONEL!

WE  
CAN'T  
LET THEM  
DO THAT!

IT LOOKS  
BAD!

**MEANWHILE...**



THERE MUST BE SOME  
MISTAKE, CAPTAIN. THERE  
ARE THE BOYS NOW. **DAN!  
KIT!** COME HERE, PLEASE!



THEY'RE JUST ABOUT THE  
SAME SIZE AS THE MEN I  
SAW LAST NIGHT.



BOYS, WERE YOU OUT OF THE DORMITORY LAST NIGHT?

WHY... ER... YES, SIR!

WERE YOU, BY ANY CHANCE, OVER IN THE FIELD BEHIND THE ACADEMY?

Y-Y-YES, SIR, WE WERE.

A MAN WAS FOUND DEAD THERE, UNDER SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES... AND THIS WAS FOUND NEAR THE BODY. DAN, THIS PEN IS YOURS, ISN'T IT?

*A SURPRISING TURN OF EVENTS!*

HUH? YES... IT'S MINE. I MUST HAVE DROPPED IT WHEN...

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, SIR?

I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU BOYS WHAT YOU WERE DOING AT THAT PARTICULAR SPOT LAST NIGHT.

I'M AFRAID, SIR, THAT WE CAN'T EXPLAIN.

GOOD BOY, KIT!

OH, GOSH! WHAT A MESS!

YOU'LL TELL, ALL RIGHT! YOU THREE BOYS ARE COMING DOWN TO THE POLICE STATION WITH ME... **ON SUSPICION OF MURDER!**



THE THREE BOYS ARE LED AWAY...

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS—  
JUST TRIP THAT COP BEHIND  
ME IF HE STARTS TO CHASE  
ME WHEN I MAKE A  
BREAK FOR IT!

GYMNASIUM

NOW!

OKAY, CLUES!

HEY! STOP!  
OOOF!

POLICE

CLUES MAKES A GETAWAY!

... AND HEADS FOR HIS  
CRIME LABORATORY

IF ONLY I CAN CHECK UP  
ON THAT GUY, MAYBE I  
CAN GET US OUT OF THIS  
MESS... I STILL HAVE HIS  
WALLET

I'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL IT'S  
DARK TO MAIL THIS BUT MAYBE  
DAD CAN FIND OUT ABOUT THIS  
WADE FELLOW WHO GOT  
HIMSELF MURDERED

AND ON THE CAMPUS, THE COPS GIVE UP,  
TEMPORARILY.

WE'LL COME BACK AND  
HUNT FOR HIM LATER  
MEANTIME, THAT'S ALL THE  
CONFESSION I NEED TO  
BOOK THEM ON

GYMNASIUM

ON THE WAY TO THE POLICE STATION...

REMEMBER, DAN—  
WE DON'T SAY  
ANYTHING!

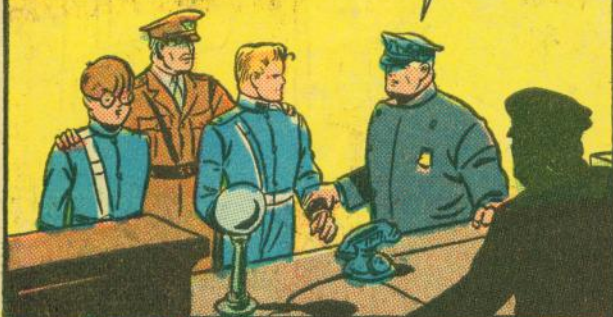
OKAY! SAY, WHERE  
DO YOU SUPPOSE CLUES  
WENT TO, KIT? YOU DON'T  
THINK HE'S GONNA GIVE  
THE COLONEL AWAY  
JUST TO SAVE US,  
DO YOU?



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

BUT, CAPTAIN, YOU CAN'T ACCUSE THEM OF MURDER! WHAT REASON WOULD THEY...

PLENTY! THE MOTIVE WAS ROBBERY THE MAN'S WALLET WAS TAKEN. ... BESIDES, THEY'RE NOT BEING ACCUSED OF ANYTHING— JUST HELD ON SUSPICION.



BOYS, YOU DIDN'T DO THIS, I'M SURE. WHY WON'T YOU TELL US WHAT YOU WERE DOING OUT IN THAT FIELD LAST NIGHT AFTER HOURS?

NO SIR, WE DIDN'T COMMIT ANY MURDER OR ROBBERY!

GOSH, COLONEL TILGHMAN, I WISH WE COULD TELL YOU BUT...



IF YOU DIDN'T DO IT, YOU'RE HIDING SOMETHING AND THAT MAKES YOU ACCOMPLICES! LOCK THEM UP, MAYBE A FEW DAYS IN JAIL WILL CHANGE THEIR MINDS!

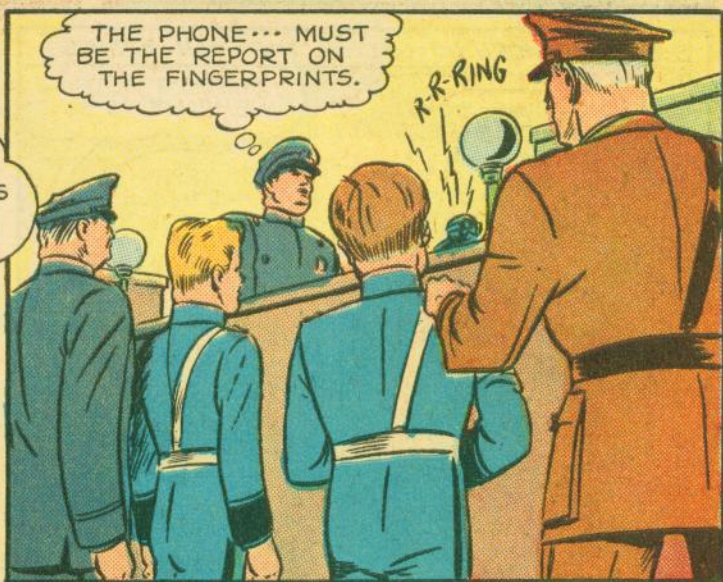
HUH! OH, HEY! YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING TO JAIL?

I CAN'T HELP YOU BOYS UNLESS YOU TELL ME WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.



THE PHONE... MUST BE THE REPORT ON THE FINGERPRINTS.

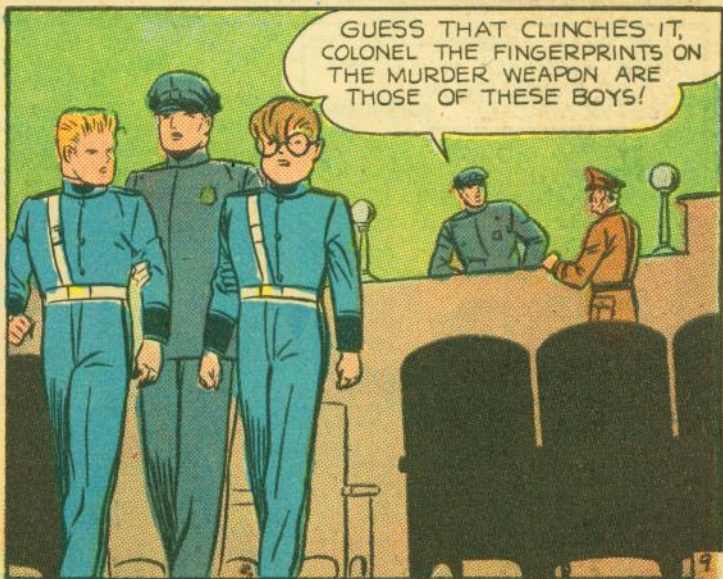
R-R-RING



YEAH... UH-HUH! THE PRINTS ON THAT SPADE CHECK WITH THE BOYS' PRINTS, EH? OKAY!



GUESS THAT CLINCHES IT, COLONEL THE FINGERPRINTS ON THE MURDER WEAPON ARE THOSE OF THESE BOYS!









CLUES THINKS FAST!...

WELL... UH... TELL HIM MR. CASEY IS CALLING.

VERY WELL.

... AND ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER...

WELL, SON, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU? LOOKING FOR A JOB?

NO, SIR. BUT I THINK YOU CAN GIVE ME SOME INFORMATION THAT...

INFORMATION? I'M SORRY...

OH, BUT I MUST HAVE IT! I HAVE TO FIND OUT ABOUT A MAN NAMED WADE WHO APPLIED FOR A JOB HERE - A COUPLE OF LIVES DEPEND ON IT!

THIS IS MOST IRREGULAR BUT YOU SEEM TO BE IN EARNEST. LET ME SEE...

NO ONE BY THAT NAME - OH, HERE IT IS! HE APPLIED FOR A JOB AND WAS REJECTED

WHY, SIR - THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING?

CLUES' EFFORTS AT DETECTING ARE RUDELY INTERRUPTED.

HERE'S THE BOY, OFFICER! MY SECRETARY RECOGNIZED HIM WHEN HE CAME IN.

GOOD! THE CHIEF WANTS HIM! SLIPPERY LITTLE MONKEY, THIS ONE!

OH PLEASE! LET ME GO! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT...

NOW, COME ALONG QUIETLY! I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE WITH YOU



CLUES LANDS IN JAIL, TOO!

HERE'S THE OTHER ONE!

NEVER MIND NOW! I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS.

CADET CASEY! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WHY DID YOU RUN AWAY?

WHERE DID YOU PICK THIS ONE UP?

THAT'S THE FUNNY PART OF IT! HE WAS AT THE DAUNTON AIRCRAFT COMPANY

SO DESPERATE FOR MONEY HE TOOK A CHANCE ON BEING RECOGNIZED TO GET A JOB. WHAT'VE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

I WON'T SAY ANYTHING UNTIL I CAN SEE COLONEL TILGHMAN ALONE.

PLEASE LET ME SPEAK WITH THE BOY.

THE SERGEANT HAS A HEART!

WELL, CLUES, WHAT IS IT?

SIR, WERE YOU IN THAT FIELD RECENTLY?

WELL, YES, CLUES— BUT THAT'S A MILITARY SECRET!

OH, GOSH, SIR! I DON'T UNDERSTAND ... YOU SEE, WE FOUND YOUR FOOTPRINTS IN THE MUD NEAR THE BODY!

WHAT? DO YOU MEAN—? OH, GOOD HEAVENS! COME ON!



THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE MISTAKE. HAVE THOSE BOYS BROUGHT HERE IMMEDIATELY. I CAN EXPLAIN THE WHOLE THING.

OKAY, COLONEL. HERE THEY ARE!

DON'T DO IT, SIR! DON'T SAY ANYTHING!

IF YOU TOLD THEM ANYTHING—

IT'S ALL RIGHT, BOYS!

I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE PROTECTING ME, OR THIS WHOLE TERRIBLE AFFAIR WOULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED. YOU SEE...

"ABOUT A WEEK AGO I RECEIVED A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON..."

WAR DEPARTMENT  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES  
JUL 14, 1944  
Colonel W. Tilghman,  
Dauntun M. A.  
Dauntun, Va.  
Dear Sir:  
We are considering  
the possibilities of a  
military training airport  
on the Dauntun Academy  
Campus.  
Please advise us re-  
garding such a project.  
Of course this matter  
is strictly confidential.  
Sincerely yours,  
[Signature]

"I IMMEDIATELY THOUGHT OF THE FIELD BEHIND THE ACADEMY AND WHILE INSPECTING IT, I DID SOME DIGGING TO CHECK THE SOIL DRAINAGE."

THAT EXPLAINS THE HOLE WHICH CAUSED SO MUCH TROUBLE. I WAS CALLED BACK TO MY OFFICE AND MUST HAVE LEFT THE SPADE OUT.

I THINK THAT EXPLAINS THE ENTIRE SITUATION.

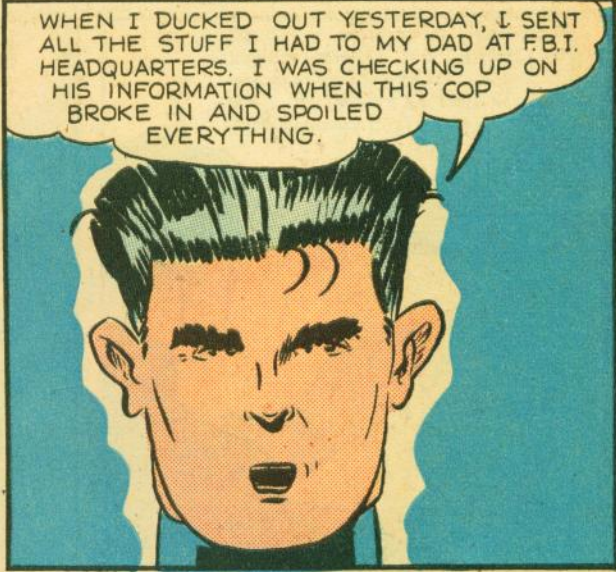
SURE! BUT I STILL WANT TO FIND OUT WHERE THE DEAD MAN CAME FROM AND WHO KILLED HIM.





I THINK I CAN EXPLAIN SOME OF IT, SIR!

WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME!



WHEN I DUCKED OUT YESTERDAY, I SENT ALL THE STUFF I HAD TO MY DAD AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS. I WAS CHECKING UP ON HIS INFORMATION WHEN THIS COP BROKE IN AND SPOILED EVERYTHING.



OKAY, SONNY. TELL IT YOUR OWN WAY, BUT LET'S HAVE IT- AND IT HAD BETTER BE GOOD! WHO WAS THIS GUY AND WHY WAS HE KILLED?

GOSH, CLUES! I SURE HOPE YOU KNOW!

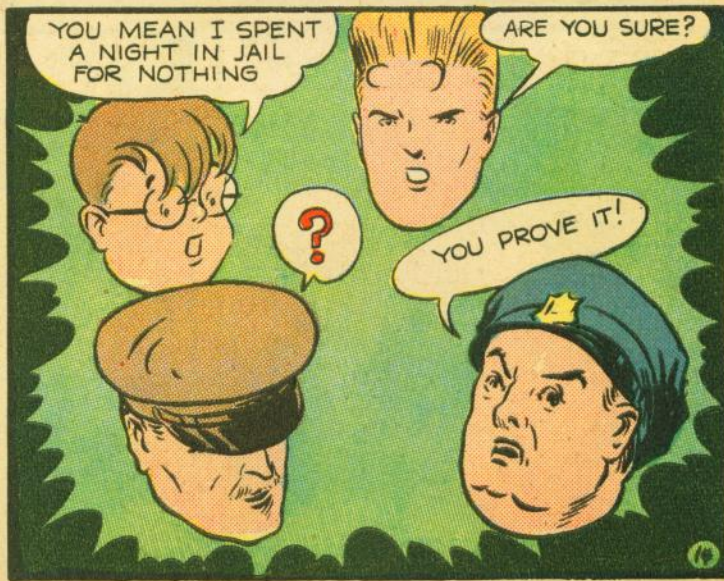


HIS NAME IS WADE. HE COMES FROM TEXAS- BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT. YOU SEE, HE TRIED TO GET A JOB AT THE DAUNTON AIRCRAFT FACTORY, BUT THEY TURNED HIM DOWN.

WELL, WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH HIS MURDER?



PLENTY! YOU SEE, I DON'T BELIEVE HE WAS MURDERED AT ALL!



YOU MEAN I SPENT A NIGHT IN JAIL FOR NOTHING

ARE YOU SURE?

YOU PROVE IT!



CALL THE CORONER AND GET HIS REPORT. I THINK HE'LL TELL YOU THAT WADE DIED FROM A HEART ATTACK. AND IF YOU CALL THE AIRCRAFT COMPANY, THEY CAN VERIFY THE FACT THAT HE COULDN'T GET A JOB BECAUSE OF HEART TROUBLE.

SWELL! NOW, LET'S GO BACK TO SCHOOL. I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE!

IF YOU'RE SO SMART, MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT WADE WAS DOING IN THE FIELD—AND WITHOUT ANY MONEY.

HERE'S THE WALLET, SIR. I NEEDED IT TO CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY. AS FOR WHY HE WAS IN THE FIELD—MAYBE HE WAS JUST TAKING A WALK.

FINALLY, ALL EXPLANATIONS ARE MADE AND CORROBORATED AND THE BOYS ARE FREE TO LEAVE.

NOW, YOU AMATEUR DICKS, GET ALONG BACK TO SCHOOL AND LET US HAVE A LITTLE PEACE AROUND HERE.

WHEW! AM I GLAD THAT'S OVER!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR THAT NEW AIRPORT OF OURS! WHEN WILL THEY START ON IT, SIR?



THAT'S STILL MILITARY INFORMATION, BOYS! YOU MUST PROMISE NOT TO MENTION IT.

RIGHT, SIR! WE'LL BE CAREFUL

I DON'T DOUBT YOUR ABILITY TO KEEP A SECRET! YOU SHOULD GET A BIRD'S EYE-VIEW OF DAUNTON NEXT SEMESTER!

THAT'S SWELL, SIR! THAT'S WONDERFUL!

YIPPEE!

HOT DOG!

YOU KNOW, I HAVE A WONDERFUL IDEA—FOR A REGULAR SECRET SERVICE AT DAUNTON—

OH, NO! ONE NIGHT IN JAIL IS ENOUGH FOR ME!

YES. DAN IS RIGHT! I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO FEEL SORRY THAT YOU BOYS SUSPECTED YOUR OLD COLONEL—OR OVERWHELMINGLY PROUD THAT YOU WOULD SACRIFICE YOURSELVES FOR ME

SO ENDS ONE OF THE STRANGEST ADVENTURES OF KIT CARTER, THE CADET, AND HIS PAL, DAN MERRY.



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CARDBOARD BULLETS



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